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Black's guide to Dorsetshire

Adam and Charles Black (Firm)

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B R I S T O L



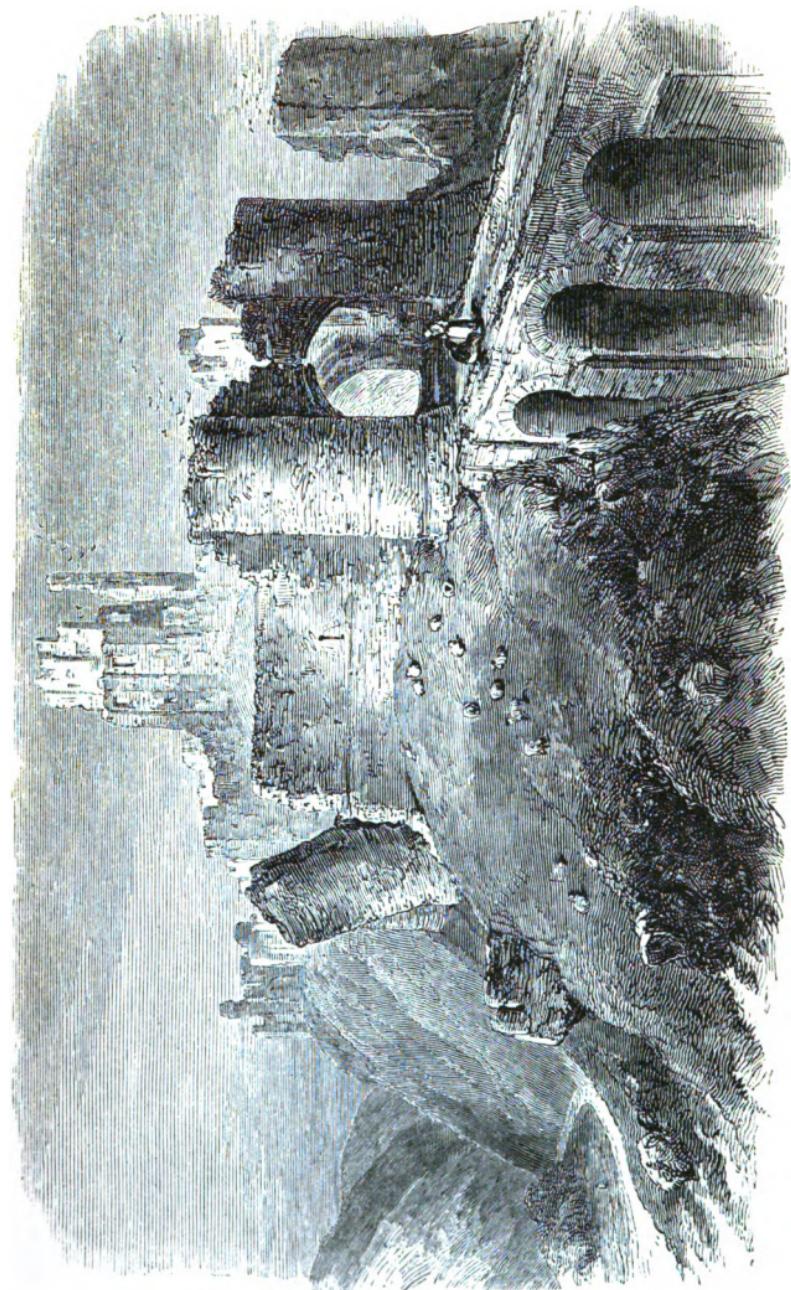
E N G L I



INDEX MAP
TO ACCOMPANY BLACK'S GUIDE TO
DORSET, DEVON & CORNWALL.

*Note. The numbers after the names refer to the page in
Guide Book where the description is to be found.*

BLACK'S
GUIDE TO DORSETSHIRE



CORFE CASTLE.

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BLACK'S GUIDE

TO

DORSETSHIRE

SIXTH EDITION.

With Map and Illustrations.

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1872

KC 12391



~~DISCARDED~~

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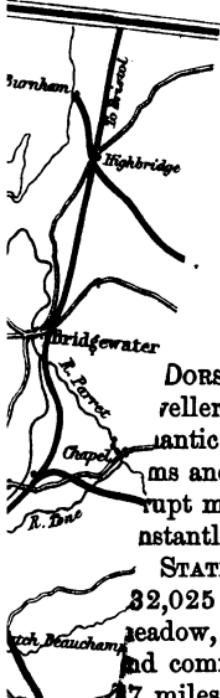
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villages and hamlets. The *county* is represented in Parliament





DORSETSHIRE.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

DORSETSHIRE—the ancient home of the Durotriges, or "villagers by the waters"—is one of the least fertile but most romantic of the English counties. If it cannot boast of rich meadows and luxurious pastures, it has its glorious ocean-views, and rugged mountainous ranges to be proud of, and the wayfarer will instantly meet with the most admirable scenes.

STATISTICS.—Its area is computed at 987 square miles, or 32,025 acres, of which about 200,000 are arable, 390,000 meadow, 10,000 woodland, and the remainder downs, waste lands, and commons. Its greatest length is 52 miles, greatest breadth 27 miles, average breadth 21 miles. The population in 1871 amounted to 195,544 persons; and the assessable property (1865) to £2,250,000. The stock of sheep (chiefly Southdowns) is about 700,000, yielding from 10,000 to 12,000 wool yearly. Flax averages 600 to 900 lbs., and hemp 500 to 600 lbs. per acre. The following are the principal boroughs in the county:—

	Market Days.	Pop.	Distance
			from London.
Blandford . . .	Saturday	1,536	104
Bridport . . .	Wednesday, Saturday . . .	7,666	137
Dorchester . . .	Saturday	6,915	120
Lyme Regis . . .	Tuesday, Friday	2,829	144
Poole . . .	Monday, Thursday . . .	10,129	131
Shaftesbury	2,472	101
Wareham . . .	Tuesday	6,532	115
Weymouth and Melcombe Regis	Tuesday, Friday	14,702	147

There are 269 parishes, 4 extra parishes, and about 262 villages and hamlets. The county is represented in Parliament

by three members. WEYMOUTH (with Melcombe Regis) returns two members ; and DORCHESTER, BRIDPORT, POOLE, SHAFTESBURY, and WAREHAM (with Corfe Castle) *one* each.

ANTIQUITIES.—In Celtic and Roman Camps, in memorials of the great struggle between invader and invaded, Dorsetshire is peculiarly rich, as might be inferred from its natural configuration—its narrow defiles and bold abrupt downs offering defensive positions of considerable strength. If we knew more of the history of the Roman conquest of Britain, we should doubtless find it illustrated with many a deed of Celtic heroism, and be able, perhaps, to boast of many a British Thermopylæ. The most noticeable entrenchments are those of Hod Hill, Hamledon, Badbury Rings, Maiden Castle, Abbotsbury, and Nine Barrows. Of the completeness of the Roman occupation of the county there are also many proofs. Their great road—the Fosse Way—ran through Dorchester to the Land's End, and at Dorchester exists one of the most perfect amphitheatres in England.

THE CHURCHES of Dorsetshire are not remarkable for their interest, with the exception of those at Wimborne Minster and Sherborne.

SEATS OF THE GENTRY.—Kingston Lacy (D. Bankes, Esq.); Canford Hall (Sir I. Bertie Guest, Baronet) ; St. Giles' Park (Earl of Shaftesbury) ; Lulworth Castle (Joseph Weld, Esq.) ; Melbury Park (Earl of Ilchester) ; Ford Abbey (G. W. F. Miles, Esq.) ; Sherborne Castle (G. D. W. Digby, Esq.) ; Milton Abbey (Baron Hambro) ; Bryanstone Park (Lord Portman).

WORTHIES OF DORSETSHIRE.—*Anthony Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury*, a leading statesman in Charles II.'s reign, and his grandson, the author of "The Characteristics," were born at St. Giles' Park, near Cranborne ; *Sir James Thornhill*, the artist, and father-in-law of Hogarth the painter, at Weymouth ; *Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy*, the captain of "the Victory" at Trafalgar, was a native of Portisham ; *Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester*, and author of the "Origines," born at or near Cranborne ; *Thomas Sydenham*, an eminent physician in the time of Charles II., at Winford Eagle ; *Captain Coram*, founder of the Foundling Hospital, and *Sir George Somers*, the discoverer of the "vext Bemoothes" at Lyme Regis ; and *Bishop Poore*, the architect of Salisbury Cathedral, at Tarrant Crawford.

GEOLOGICAL CHARACTERISTICS.—Two lofty ranges of chalk

downs ; one running from north-east to south-west, its highest elevation being reached at Pulbarrow, 927 feet ; the other following the coast-line from Beaminster to Swanage, and rising at Blackdown to 813 feet, meet towards the west and form "the trough of Poole," where sands and clays overlie the chalk, and touch the extremes of the Oolitic and Wealden beds. The *Tertiary deposits*, chiefly plastic clay, extend from the hills beyond Poole to Dorchester ; the *Chalk*, as we have seen, forms two bold and picturesque ranges of a considerable elevation ; the *Greensand* stretches westward beyond Beaminster, its highest point being Pillesdon Pen, 934 feet ; the *Wealden* occupies the Isle of Purbeck, and the *Oolitic strata* are most conspicuous in the Isle of Portland. The coast scenery, from the variety of the strata displayed between Studland and Lyme Regis, is of a singularly interesting and romantic character, and the explorations of the geologist will be rewarded with an abundance of remarkable fossils.

ROUTE I.—Along the Coast from POOLE to LYME REGIS.

[Poole to Durlston Head, 10 m. ; St. Aldhelm's Head, 5 m. ; Kimmeridge Bay, 4 m. ; Weymouth, 15 m. ; Portland Bill, 7 m. ; Abbotsbury, 10 m. ; Bridport, 9 m. ; Lyme Regis, 7 m.]

POOLE—*i.e.*, the HARBOUR.

[Pop. 10,129.—*Inns*: Antelope, London Hotel, etc.

2 m. from the Junction Point on the Southampton and Dorchester Point of the London and South-Western Railway ; 122 m. from London ; 2 m. from Brankssea Castle ; 7 m. from Bournemouth ; 10 m. from Christchurch ; 8 m. from Wareham ; 26 m. from Dorchester ; 8 m. from Wimborne.

MARKET DAYS—Monday and Thursday. BANK—National Provincial.

~~as~~ Omnibuses daily between Poole and Bournemouth.]

The situation of POOLE is in many respects a remarkable one. Let the reader picture to himself a range of hills sloping abruptly into broad wild tracts of heath and furze ; a tongue of land projecting out of these into a vast harbour, a portion of which to the northward (HOLES BAY), it almost shuts off by a swing bridge—red-brick houses clustering upon this tongue of land in admirable disorder, with one long thoroughfare—the High Street, running through them to terminate at the aforesaid bridge ; let him line the shore with capacious quays, two miles in length,

and stud the harbour with numerous vessels ;—imagine that harbour at high water, a broad sweep of rolling waves running up into the land in a score of picturesque little creeks, but at low water a dreary tract of mud and sand, which is only intersected by a few deep channels ; place near its mouth a large island, BROWNSEA ISLAND, and several smaller isles of little interest to the sketcher, but of great perplexity to the mariner ; and, to the south-west, raise a long wall of chalk surrounding and barricading from the mainland the famous Isle of Purbeck,—and a tolerable notion of the position of Poole may be obtained.

It has a strong sea-water flavour about it, and the streets are usually filled with the tars of many nations, and with those parasites who live by or upon them. Fishermen, too, pervade it with strange oaths ; for off the mouth of the harbour the oyster-boats collect after a successful haul, piling upon the shore the shells of those crustaceans which are selected for pickling, so as to form a curious artificial breakwater. The clink of hammer and mallet warns us that shipbuilding is one of the trades of Poole ; and its inhabitants are also employed, as a glance round its streets informs us, in the manufacture of seamen's shirts and clothing, cordage and sailcloth, and in the purveyance of ships' stores and provisions. The clays for which its neighbourhood is remarkable are exported in large quantities, while from Newfoundland and the North of Europe are imported oil, corn, salt fish, and timber. Poole is therefore a busy and prosperous town, but not a resort for dilettante tourists or summer excursionists.

Its HARBOUR at low water is, as we have hinted, a complication of sand-banks, mud-banks, and narrow channels, which only the most experienced pilots can navigate in safety. When the tide sweeps in with a roll and a rush, it becomes not less dangerous, perhaps, but infinitely more picturesque, and gleams and glitters in the sunshine like a noble lake, 7 miles long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad. Its circuit is not less than 35 miles, and it admits vessels drawing 14 feet of water. The same phenomenon is visible here as at Southampton—that of a double tide, with an interval between of an hour or more. It is produced by the ebb of the channel waters, which pent up the harbour-current until the time for their own recession arrives.

At the mouth of the harbour lies BRANKSEA (fern island), or BROWNSEA (Bruno's ey) ISLAND, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile by $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, or 6 miles in circumference. Its sides are clothed with groves of fir—its

interior is broken up into numerous shadowy glens and romantic hills—its shore is rich in the commoner aquatic plants. Queen Elizabeth erected here a small fortress, which Charles I. considerably strengthened. It has been visited by the witty and dissolute Charles II., and by the dissolute but not witty George IV. (when Prince Regent), and was for a few years the scene of the glories of Colonel Waugh, then its proprietor, and one of the speculators involved in the catastrophe of “the Royal British Bank.” He occupied the castle, which he furnished luxuriously, recovered a hundred acres of waste land, opened pits to work the excellent potter’s clay of which the island is chiefly composed, built a pier, laid down a tramroad, and erected St. Mary’s Church for the accommodation of his labourers. How suddenly the golden dream was dissipated in which this adventurous gentleman had rejoiced, our readers may remember.

The harbour opens, north, into a land-locked cove or gulf, called **HOLE’S BAY**, and to the north-west into **LYTCET BAY**, whose mouth is spanned by the railway ; while it trends away suddenly to the south-west into a deep inlet, which stretches for some miles through the clay-fields up to **WAREHAM**. (See **ROUTE 2.**)

The historical associations which invest the town of Poole with interest for the scholar are not numerous. We are told that it was a Roman station on the Icening road, and afterwards one of the royal chapelries of the Saxon kings. In 998, the Norsemen landed here, and in 1015 king Knut sailed up the harbour, and pushed on to Wareham. An attack was made upon it by some Spaniards in 1405, in revenge of the predatory exploits of a famous buccaneer named Harry Page. The town was walled in 1443. Hither came Henry of Richmond in 1483, but finding it garrisoned by Richard’s troops, he returned to St. Malo. During the civil war it was so stoutly Roundhead in its sympathies, that Charles II., after his accession, caused its fortifications to be razed to the ground. The **POSTERN**, *temp.* Richard III., now standing in a lane near the quay, is their sole relic. Charles X. of France landed here, August 23, 1830, on his escape from Paris, and from hence proceeded to Lulworth Castle.

In the good old times, the quaint sea-side town which overlooked such a multiplicity of snug little creeks, became the rendezvous of the most desperate of the Dorsetshire smugglers. On one occasion, a band of sixty fellows, armed to the teeth, made

an assault upon the Custom House, and succeeded in carrying away 4200 pounds of tobacco (A.D. 1747). So evil a repute did the town acquire, that the following rhyme became popular through all the countryside :—

“ If Poole was a fish-pool, and the men of Poole fish,
There'd be a pool for the devil, and fish for his dish.”

ST. JAMES' CHURCH was rebuilt in 1820, at a cost of £12,000 ; the material employed was Purbeck stone. The altar piece is of carved mahogany. ST. PAUL'S was built 1833. The CUSTOMS HOUSE was rebuilt in 1822 ; the old WOOL-HOUSE, near the quay, dates from 1572. A MUSEUM connected with the POOLE LITERARY INSTITUTE has a good collection of fossils, shells, stuffed specimens of aquatic wild fowl, etc.

Poole returns two members to Parliament, and is controlled by a mayor, 6 aldermen, and 18 councillors. About 120 sailing-vessels belong to the port, and the customs average about £9000 per annum.

[**HINTS FOR RAMBLES.**—Though, as we have hinted, the town in itself possesses but little to interest the general tourist, it is, nevertheless, a good central point for an exploration of south-eastern Dorsetshire. At PARKSTONE, 8 miles east, the pedestrian will be rewarded with some noble views of sea and land, full of bold contrasts of colour. WIMBORNE MINSTER, with its beautiful church, is about 9 miles north. A sail to WAREHAM, 7 miles west, is much to be commended, and the tourist should not fail to visit the historic ruins of CORFE CASTLE, crossing by boat to WYCH PASSAGE (7 miles for 8s. to 5s.), and thence walking about 8 miles. From Poole to BOURNEMOUTH, across the hills, is a pleasant stroll (5 miles east).]

On rounding the south-west extremity of Poole harbour, the voyager finds himself in the shadow of lofty cliffs—the abrupt, precipitous, and “grewsome” sea-wall of STUDLAND BAY—formed of the upper chalk, which here emerges from beneath the eocene strata at a very low angle, and throws out, at the Foreland, some semi-isolated masses resembling the Needles. HANDFAST POINT (or the Foreland) is 350 feet above the sea-level.

STUDLAND (population, 295) gives its name to this bay ; and is a charming little elm-shaded village, with a pretty Norman church built upon the sand, which, just beyond, gives way to the chalk. It is as wild and “romancy” as any lover of the picturesque can desire. A little to the south rise the bold ridges of BARLARD DOWN (584 feet high), continued towards Corfe Castle by NINE-BARROW DOWN, 642 feet high, and commanding

a fine view of purple heaths to the north, and the deep green waters of the channel stretching far away towards the setting sun. About three quarters of a mile north-west, stands, on a low green knoll, the AGGLE-STONE (*i.e.*, Holy Stone—*halig stán, Saxon*), a rude misshapen block of ferruginous sandstone, whose origin is not easily arrived at. We believe it to have been a *cromlech*, or grave-mark—the memorial-stone of some old Celtic hero—but the peasants tell you that it is the devil's crest, or cap, which he, when resting one day upon the Needles, hurled at the gleaming towers of Corfe Castle. He missed his aim, however, and the stone fell where we see it now; nor need we wonder, inasmuch as it weighs full 400 tons, and measures 37 feet in length, 15 feet in height, and 19 feet in width.

Rounding Handfast Point, and its Pinnacles, popularly called "Old Harry and his Wife," and passing the deep cavern of PARSON'S BARN, we enter SWANAGE BAY.* Here in a cove, or recess, termed Punfield, we meet with strata of Firestone, Gault, Greensand, and Wealden clay in a highly inclined position. "The middle series of the Wealden deposits, the HASTINGS SANDS, which are not visible in the Isle of Wight, form the line of cliffs from Punfield to Swanage. These beds consist of sands, clays, and calcareous grits, enclosing seams and disseminated masses of lignite, and containing bones of reptiles, etc. The sea-shore is often strewn with fossil trees, and rolled bones of the *Iguanodon* and other animals, that have been washed out of fallen masses of the strata. The tract on which the town of Swanage stands, is on the line of junction between the Hastings beds and the Purbeck group; the latter comprises clays, sands, and limestones, with bands of shelly marbles, calcareous slates, and coarse limestones, full of small *paludinæ*, *cyclades*, and other fresh-water shells"—(*Mantell*). In 1837, a fossil crocodile, embedded in a large slab of fawn-coloured limestone, was discovered in one of the Swanage quarries.

SWANAGE (population, 3942. *Inns*: Royal Victoria, and Ship)—*i.e.*, Swan-wic, the Swan-village—consists of one long, sloping thoroughfare of decent houses, with some minor streets, enjoying a glorious prospect of down, and cliff, and sea. Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is an Early English building,

* The Danish fleet, repulsed by King Alfred at Wareham, was wrecked here in 877.

with Decorated and Perpendicular additions. The tower is, perhaps, of earlier date, and rises to the height of 80 feet. The north aisle of the choir was the Godlington chantry. The walls were of great thickness, and without ornament.

In the neighbourhood of Swanage lie upwards of sixty quarries of Purbeck stone, which have contributed the materials employed in St. Stephen's, Winchester, the Temple Church, Romsey Abbey, St. Paul's, and Salisbury Cathedral. A shaft, or pit, sloping to a depth of about 120 feet, leads by a flight of steps into the quarries, while the stone is raised by means of an inclined plane. Two men work in each quarry,—one hews out the stone, the other shapes it into slabs of a convenient size. They are then removed to the sea shore, and piled up in heaps, until ready for shipment.

The total thickness of the Purbeck strata is estimated at about 275 feet, of which about 100 feet are workable. According to Mr. Webster, in the upper 125 feet there are more than 50 layers of useful stone; these include a remarkable deposit, 12 feet thick, termed "Cinder" by the quarrymen, and consisting of a regular oyster-bed. The lower 150 feet are composed of clays, shales, and shelly limestone, too friable to be of any commercial value. "The uppermost bed is a green, calcareous, and for the most part friable deposit, containing shells of a small species of *unis*, and beneath this is a stratum of the well-known marble, composed of an aggregation of small river-shells (*paludina elongata*)"—*Mantell*. The principal fossils found in the Purbeck strata are river-shells, drifted land-plants, bones of saurian and chelonian reptiles, with the remains of fishes and crustaceans.

The ISLE OF PURBECK is, in fact, a peninsula, bounded on the north by the small Luckford stream, which rises in Lulworth Park, and flows in a north-easterly direction into the Wareham inlet of Poole Harbour. Poole Harbour forms its north-east boundary; and the Channel washes it on the east, south, and south-west. Its length is 12 miles; its breadth, 7 miles. Formerly, it was a royal deer-forest, and James I. was the last king who here pursued the chase. A lofty range of chalk hills, varying from 500 to 700 feet in height, runs across it from Handfast Point on the east, to Worbarrow Bay on the west. Beyond, stretches an immense tract of brown and purple heath. The rock-bound coast is indented with numerous coves and bays of a romantic beauty of character. In a deep, central valley lie the

mossy ruins of Corfe Castle ; and LULWORTH PARK raises its tree-masses on the western border, outside the chalk-range already spoken of.

Resuming our voyage, and sweeping around black PEVEREL POINT, we enter DURLSTONE BAY, bounded to the south by DURLSTONE HEAD. Here the strata are noticeable for their "broken and contorted condition,"—the result of violent changes in the beds while they were in a plastic state. "Septaria, veins of calcareous spar, and crystals of gypsum, occur in some of the clays ; there are also masses of breccia, or conglomerate composed of fragments of the undulated layers, cemented together into a firm rock"—(Mantell). To the west of Durlstone Head appears the Portland oolite ; and at Tillywhim there are quarries of Purbeck limestone. This is a point to be commended to the artist. Landing on the shore, you approach certain cavernous excavations which open upon a plateau or terrace, 30 feet high, communicating with the higher ground by a narrow and deep defile. The square entrances and flat roofs of these caverns must remind every visitor of the caves of Elora, or the chambers of the ancient Egyptian palaces. On the hill above rises a memorial stone, commemorating the death of a certain swain who, accompanied by his rival in a certain fair lady's graces, went out one day on a shooting expedition, but never returned alive. His dead body was found on the brink of the cliff, with his fowling-piece discharged at his side.

The next point of interest is the DANCING LEDGE, a platform 150 feet in length, and 50 in breadth, where the sea flings up its waves with a peculiar "*dancing*" motion, and with a roar and a roll which are hurled back in endless reverberations from the surrounding cliffs.

At 3 miles from Tillywhim we come to the WINDSPIT QUARRIES. On the brink of the cliff are raised large iron cranes for shipping the stone into the vessels moored below. The largest quarry is beneath the bold projection of St. ALDHELM'S HEAD, which rises to an elevation of 440 feet, and casts out into the sea, like a giant arm, a ledge of perilous rocks. This is a "vertical section of the Portland limestone and sands, and of the underlying Kimmeridge strata ; the former appearing at the top in immense square masses, and the latter below in a steep slope, covered by huge fallen blocks and fragments of stone. Deep fissures in the upper part of the cliff predict the impending ruin of other masses, and the agitation of the sea, for above a mile

from the shore, indicates the nature of its rocky bottom ; the remains, no doubt, of land which has been overwhelmed by the ocean." On its summit rises the gray and time-worn walls of ST. ALDHELM'S CHAPEL or CHANTRY—a small building of stone, stoutly buttressed ; the roof resting upon a central column which throws out four intersecting arches ; the doorway Early Norman. Here, in the old times, a monk lit his nightly lamp as a warning beacon, and chanted masses for the safety of mariners who were driven near the fatal shore. They, in their turn, were expected to leave at the first port they arrived at a gratuity towards his support. The chantry is now occupied by the coast-guard, who render, with their lines and rockets, more effectual aid than the old priest with his lamp and masses. *St. Aldhelm* was the first bishop of Sherborne, and died, in the odour of sanctity, A.D. 709. Bede characterises him "as a man of great erudition, both in ecclesiastical matters and the liberal sciences."*

Still, "bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells," our bark sails onward ; passing the pleasant creek of CHAPMAN'S POOL, and the ridge of EMMETT'S HILL, an elevation of the Portland sands, capped with Portland stone, about 280 feet in height. The slopes trend seaward with great rapidity, covered with huge masses of broken stone, and channelled by many a silently-working stream, which, in due course, will effect a further desolation. Westward stretch the wooded vales of ENCOMBE (Lord Eldon), opening out upon the stately mansion which, for many years, was the residence of the great Tory Chancellor. One of the numerous sheep-walks which cover the higher ground is called, from its fertility and peculiar shape, the GOLDEN BOWL, and brightens with a crystal stream which, after widening into a pleasant lake, rolls down over crag and stone to the sea.

SWYRE HEAD, with its helmet-shaped summit, next rises to the view, overlooking the leafy vales of Encombe and the picturesque grounds of SMEDMORE (Colonel Mansel). The hills now recede from the shore, and cut off from the mainland the rich plains of KIMMERIDGE, whose strata, composed of bituminous shales and laminated clays, produce the KIMMERIDGE COAL. This peculiar deposit yields a clear but disagreeably odorous flame, and throws out considerable heat. A company at Wareham is engaged in its distillation, and produce asphaltum, a manure,

* His works form the first vol. of the "Patres Ecclesiae Anglicane," published in 1842.

grease, and a volatile oil. In these bituminous beds are frequently discovered small circular discs of shale, locally called KIMMERIDGE COAL MONEY, which have evidently been turned in a lathe, and were, perhaps, occasionally used as amulets by the Romano-Britons, or thrown aside as refuse by their jewellers.

KIMMERIDGE (population, 178), lies inland about one mile from the bay to which it gives its name. The shore is black and low, but soon rises into the noble picturesque promontory of GAD CLIFF, 505 feet high, crowned by the signal of a coastguard station, and broken up into a thousand curious forms. We then enter WORBARROW BAY, a rock-encompassed hollow, about a mile in width, which affords a most beautiful diversity of form and colour. In the centre the cliffs stoop suddenly into a small defile, called ARISH MILL GAP, which opens up a romantic vista of the trees and towers of LULWORTH. (See ROUTE 2.)

To the east soars the glittering chalk-crest of RING'S HILL, surmounted by a Celtic earthwork ; to the west, the snow-white bluffs of BINDON HILL, the darker ridges of the Wealden sand, and the gray heights of Portland stone which terminate seaward in the MUKE ROCKS. The entrenchments—a triple vallum and triple fosse, of a circular shape—on Ring's Hill are called FLOWERS-BARROW, a name which Hutchins considers a corruption of *Florus*, the Roman officer who ordered their erection. Aubrey, however, with better judgment, considers the camp to be of British origin. The view from this point is one of marvellous grandeur.

Rounding the Muke Rocks we pass the lofty elevation of the SWINE'S BACK, descending into the valley where cluster the church and cottages of WEST LULWORTH (population, 401. *Inn*: The Red Lion). The shore is sprinkled with a few pleasant lodging-houses and "marine villas." LULWORTH COVE is a sheltered nook of exquisite beauty, which has no equal on the Dorsetshire coast. It boasts a depth at low water of 21 feet, and its basin is nearly a mile in circumference. Entering through a narrow aperture, flanked on each side by walls of Portland stone, you find yourself in a serene and romantic haven, sheltered by lofty cliffs of sand and chalk. A depression in these cliffs opens into the deep chalk valley of West Lulworth ; and above towers the conical height of the SWINE'S BACK. From a cavern below

with this projection runs a narrow strait, or natural canal, which opens into an estuary of the Wey, called THE BACKWATER ; and this Backwater trends northward—behind the waste, as it were—so as to turn a low tongue of land into a peninsula, with the sea on one side, and the estuary on the other. Having realized this picture in his “mind’s eye,” the reader will next be pleased to place a cluster of houses on the peninsula, and call it MELCOMBE REGIS, and another cluster of houses, but of an inferior character, on the Nothe, and call it WEYMOUTH, connecting the two towns by a stone bridge (designed by Donowell, and built in 1770). Along the shore of the peninsula he will imagine a magnificent ESPLANADE, 1 mile in length, and 30 feet in breadth, lined with handsome houses, and defended by a substantial sea-wall ; and he will be good enough to remember that at low water it overlooks a fine expanse of smooth firm sand, stretching seaward for nearly 180 yards, and commanding itself both to bathers and promenaders. The principal streets are ST. MARY’S, which is a sort of sea-side Regent Street, and ST. THOMAS’, which rejoices in noble marine views. The BATHS have a frontage in each street ; the elevation in St. Mary’s being of the Doric order, and that in St. Thomas’ of the Ionic. They were erected by the late Sir F. G. Johnstone, and are certainly “fitted up” in a superior manner.

Standing on the Esplanade, in front of Hamilton’s equestrian statue of George III. (raised in commemoration of that monarch’s fiftieth birthday by the grateful people of Weymouth), the tourist will observe the two great thoroughfares we have spoken of diverging before him at right angles, to effect a junction with St. Edmund Street. Passing up St. Mary’s Street, he may notice, in succession, ST. MARY’S CHURCH, built in 1815-17, whose altarpiece—“The Last Supper”—was painted by a native of Melcombe, Sir James Thornhill, whose organ was a gift from George III. ; and the handsome Lombardic elevation of the MARKET-HOUSE, designed by Bury. Near St. Mary’s spreads a network of squalid alleys, called the FRIARY, occupying the site of a Dominican monastery. In St. Thomas’ Street stands the MUSEUM of the WEYMOUTH INSTITUTE, containing a good collection of the fossils found in its neighbourhood.

To the north-east lies the suburban district of RADIPOLE (population, 609), provided in 1850 with a remarkably graceful CHURCH, dedicated to St. John, from the designs of Mr. T. Bury.

The style adopted is Late Decorated. At the north-west angle of the nave rises a noble tower, 19 feet square, crowned by an octagonal spire 140 feet in height. The nave is 75 feet long, 22 feet broad, and 52 feet high ; the chancel, 27 feet by 18 feet, and 44 feet high. The transept and north and south aisles are of admirable design. RADIPOLE itself is an attractive village, nestling among patriarchal trees at the junction of the Wey with the Backwater. Its mineral waters and its baths may be serviceable to invalids. The tourist is sure to be directed to the graves, in the old churchyard, of the eighty unfortunates who lost their lives in the wreck of the "Abergavenny"—locally abbreviated to "the Abbey"—off Portland, in the winter of 1805. The captain was a brother of the poet Wordsworth. The spot where the ill-fated vessel sank, and where, it is said, her timbers may yet be seen, is commonly called "The Abbey."

We now direct our steps to WEYMOUTH PROPER, which remains what it was a century ago, a fishing-town and seaport. The streets are "crooked, narrow, dirty, and unfragrant." The CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built in 1834-6, and contains a picture of the Crucifixion by *Vandyck*. The SCHOOL-HOUSE, designed by Bury, is a picturesque structure, with ornamental roofs of a lofty pitch. It was erected in 1853. The old TOWN HALL will hardly interest the tourist, but, on the other hand, he will enjoy a ramble along the green uplands of the NOTHE. From hence he surveys, on the right, the lofty hills of Portland, the Smallmouth sands, and the Portland roads ; on the left, Melcombe Regis and Weymouth Bay ; while far away, against the eastern sky, tower the glittering cliffs of Whitenose. As every vessel passing into the Backwater must necessarily coast along the Nothe, the scene is one of so much beauty and animation, that it will not readily be forgotten by the spectator. Numerous small craft are generally moored in the roads, and a steam-packet or two awaits its freight of passengers at the opposite pier of Melcombe Regis.

While he reclines on the green sward of the Nothe our friend the reader may not be indisposed to glance at the historical records of the town beneath him.

Melcombe Regis (The King's Valley of the Mill) and Weymouth have been represented in the national councils since 1315, but were regarded as distinct boroughs until incorporated by Cecil in the reign of Elizabeth. From their position, a certain
(s.w.)

degree of maritime importance has always accrued to them ; and in 1347 they were rich enough to contribute 20 ships, manned by 264 stout seamen, towards the royal navy. Henry VIII erected, about 1 mile south-west, a fort for their protection, which is still known as Sandsfoot Castle. It is alluded to in Leland's description (*circa* 1545), a choice bit of topographical writing, which may here be introduced. "The tounlet of Waymouth lyeth strait agayn Milton, on the other side of the Haven ; and at this place the trajectus is by a bote and a rope, bent over the haven ; so that yn the ferry-bote they use no oars. There runneth up, by the right hand of the haven, a great arme of the sea ; and scant a mile above the haven mouth, on the shore of this arme, is a right goodlie warlyke castel made, having one open barbocene. This arme runneth up farther a mile, as in a bay, to a point of land, where a trajectus is unto Portland, by a long causey of peble and sand (the Chesil Bank)."

Towards the fleet which repulsed the Invincible Armada, the sister ports contributed six large vessels, and it was into "the white-walled bay" of Weymouth that, on the second day of the fight, the galleon of Miguel d' Aquenda, the vice-admiral, was brought as a prize. James I granted them a charter, which spoke of them as "great and famous ports, and of great strength and force to defend the country, and also exercising merchandizing, and having much importance in and upon the seas, by reason of which a great number of mariners are constantly employed and nourished." But as other ports rose into importance Weymouth and Melcombe Regis declined, and they had sunk into a sort of mediocre dulness when George III., by his frequent visits, attracted thither our aristocratic tourists. A few years previously (1763) Mr. Ralph Allen—"the Squire Allworthy" of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, and eulogized by Pope,—

" Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"—

had introduced here the bathing-machine, and drawn attention to the salubrity of its position. In 1780 the Duke of Gloucester built Gloucester Lodge (now an hotel), which was purchased by George III. in 1789. Soon afterwards the esplanade was constructed, and Melcombe Regis gradually grew into public repute as a pleasant sea-side rendezvous.

ROYAL VISITS to Weymouth, saving those of George III. and

his family, have not been numerous. Queen Margaret landed here, April 17, 1471, with Lord Wenlock and some troops, on the very day that the star of Lancaster set in blood upon Barnet field. Philip of Castile and Queen Joan, with eighty ships, sought shelter in its port during a terrific gale, in January 1506. The town did not escape the ravages of the Civil War : on August 9, 1641, it was captured by the Royalists under the Earl of Caernarvon. The Roundheads, led by Sir William Balfour, got possession of it in 1644, and stoutly defended it for eighteen days (February 17-26), in 1645, against Sir Lewis Dyve and "dissolute Goring." Melcombe Regis was discredited, in 1781, by conferring a baronage upon Bubb Doddington, the most shameless and incapable of roués ; but it gave birth in 1675 to the painter Sir James Thornhill, which may be accepted by way of compensation. For, although Sir James was not a man of genius, he was able, industrious, and accomplished.

[**HINTS FOR RAMBLES.**—1. Of course, the favourite excursion from Weymouth is to **PORTLAND ISLE**, passing Sandsfoot Castle, and crossing a most delightful expanse of sands, about a mile in length, and, at low water, a quarter of a mile in width. Here there are Portland Castle, the quarries, Pennsylvania Castle, Bow and Arrow Castle, and geological treasures innumerable, to be explored and studied. A whole summer-day should be devoted to this enjoyable trip.—2. From Weymouth to **DORCHESTER**, by way of Radipole and Maiden Castle, is about 8 miles. If the tourist be a stout pedestrian he may return by a different but longer route : along the Wareham road for about 5 miles, and then across the hills through Poxwell and Osmington, entering Melcombe Regis by the Esplanade.—3. To **WYKE REGIS**, and thence to **ABBOTSBURY**, returning by way of **PORTISHAM**, 21 miles.—4. **UPWAY** (population 637), lying in a valley which gives birth to a branch of the Wey, a favourite resort of George III.'s, is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west.—5. **NETTINGTON**, and its sulphureous mineral spring, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and **CHALBURY**, 1 mile, a small circular camp on a chalk hill, will attract many wayfarers.—6. Through Preston Valley, "a verdant dell opening into the sea, through which a streamlet runs, with the sides and bottom covered with woods," (Gosse), to **WEST LULWORTH**, returning by the shore, is a stroll to be heartily commended.—7. By taking the rail to **DORCHESTER** [Route II.] most of the rambles hereafter described in relation to that city may be enjoyed by the tourist.]

WYKE REGIS (population, 1898)—i.e. the king's wic, or village—is the mother-church of Weymouth. It commands, from its high ground, a fine view of Portland Isle, Deadman's Bay, and the long abrupt ridge of the Chesil Bank. A grave in the church-yard contains the dust of all the passengers and crew—but four—of the *Alexander*, East Indiaman, wrecked off the Bank in March 1815 ; and other memorials and "daisied mounds" forcibly remind one of the perils which beset those who go down to the sea in ships.

Resuming now our coast exploration : we sail at first in the shadow, as it were, of "a moderately lofty cliff or bluff," clothed with verdure and spotted with sheep, along which the Weymouth road is carried. We soon come in sight of SANDSFOOT-CASTLE, a small but interesting ruin on the very margin of the sea. Henry VIII. erected it in 1539 as one of his extended series of coast defences, but it has ceased to be garrisoned since 1685. "The body or main portion is a right-angled parallelogram, its greater length running from north to south. At its north end was a tower, on which were the arms of England supported by a wivern and a unicorn. The north part seems to have been the governor's apartment, and is all vaulted. Near its south end there is a lower building, said to have been the gunroom. This being broader than the other part of the edifice, forms flanks, which defend its east and west sides, and on the south part it is semi-circular. In former times there was a platform for cannon. On the east and west sides there are embrasures for guns, and below them two tiers of loop-holes for small arms, the lowest almost level with the ground. The north part is nearly destroyed, but the remains of an arch or gateway shew that the entrance was on that side. The whole edifice seems to have been cased with square stones ; the walls were thick and lofty ; and the buildings, though small, were not inelegant. The north, east, and south sides were, at a small distance, surrounded by a deep ditch and earthen rampart, through which, on the east part, was a gate faced with stone, part of which is still remaining"—(*Knight*).

We may land here, and adopt the usual route from Weymouth to Portland ; namely, across the broad, smooth, and tenacious SMALLMOUTH SANDS, extending from this point to the creek or "fleet" which separates the mainland from the narrow peninsula of the Chesil Bank, and is spanned by a swing bridge 600 feet long, built in 1838. Standing upon this bridge we should then see the Isle of Portland towering above us at a considerable elevation—bold rough cliffs facing seaward,—and the long, narrow, dreary ridge of pebbles, called the CHESIL (Saxon, cesil, a pebble) BANK, not more than 40 feet above the level of the waters, extending westward for some 10 or 11 miles. But if we go forward in our boat (or in the steamer from Weymouth which plies to and fro four times a day), we shall land at the wharf at Portland. In both cases we commence our investigation at —

THE CHESIL BANK, a narrow ridge of shingle, with steep sides, and varying in width from 170 to 200 yards, which is separated from the mainland as far as Abbotsbury, 11 miles, by a creek or inlet called the FLEET, and thence proceeds, for about 5 miles further, to the commencement of the Bridport cliffs. The first thing here to be noticed is, that the pebbles or shingle decrease in size as you advance from Portland to Abbotsbury, so that smugglers, disembarking at night or in a heavy fog, know the precise part of the bank they have arrived at from the quality of the shingle. These pebbles differ also in colour, being brought from all points of the south-west coast, and it is a traditional saying among the common people, that whoever finds two stones alike will receive a reward of £50.

The next noticeable characteristic is—its barrenness. Neither trees nor verdure enliven it, and the scene has a dreary desolation which insensibly oppresses the mind of the spectator. The cottages are poor and squalid, and brightened by no blooming and balmy gardens. They are separated by rude walls of stone, instead of those green and leafy hedges which are the pride and peculiarity of England. Sorrowful memories, too, beset it, of fatal wrecks and terrible loss of life,—for it is difficult here to render a vessel in danger any help, and it is almost impossible for the shipwrecked mariner, good swimmer though he be, to reach the shore—the “under-tow” runs so strong,—as the waters fall back from the steep and rugged bank.

The Chesil must owe its formation in the main to the south-western gales, which wash up the pebbles from their ocean bed, and partly to the obstruction afforded by the Isle of Portland, which collects them along the Dorsetshire coast. But it should be observed, that although in great storms the shingle is invariably hurled over on the land side, from which it cannot return, yet the bank never encroaches upon the arm of the sea that forms its northern boundary. Marine plants may be found at certain points, and a few are of great interest. A north-east wind occasionally clears away the pebbles in parts, and exposes the blue clay which lies beneath at a depth of from four to five feet ; but after a south-west gale and a heavy sea, these “denuded portions” are again covered.

The SWANNERY FLEET, as the creek which divides this extraordinary ridge from the mainland is called, derives its name from “ the Swannery,” belonging to Lord Ilchester, at its north-west

extremity. As many as 7000 swans congregated here in the old monastic days, but their number now rarely exceeds 800. Into the adjoining Decoy the wild fowl are beguiled by tame birds trained up for the purpose. The Fleet is in some places half a mile broad, and is crossed by two or three causeways. It communicates with the sea by a narrow channel, called SMALL-MOUTH.

At that part of the Chesil Bank which is significantly known as DEADMAN'S BAY, many a disastrous wreck has occurred. In November 1794, when a fleet of transports convoyed by Admiral Christian was cast away, upwards, it is said, of 1000 lives were lost. The coast was strewn with the wreck for full seven miles. In 1805 the *Abergavenny* was lost with 80 lives, and in March 1815 the *Alexander* with 140. On the night of November 23, 1824, the violence of the sea actually carried the *Ebenezer* sloop of 95 tons, laden with heavy ordnance, across the bank, and deposited it securely in the Swannery creek. In this terrific storm the village of Chesilton was inundated, and Fleet church destroyed. Several lives were lost in the wreck of the *Columbine* in 1838, and many a good merchant-ship has perished here during the violent gales of the late winters.

The geological characteristics of the Isle of Portland have been elaborately detailed by Dr. Mantell. "It presents," he says, "a precipitous escarpment on the north, about 300 feet in height, and declining towards the south, appears, when viewed from the east or west, like an insulated inclined plane rising abruptly from the sea. The substratum or foundation of the island consists of the Kimmeridge clay, which attains a considerable elevation on the north ; this is surmounted by beds of Portland sands, and thick strata of the oolitic limestone so well known as the Portland stone, which is extensively worked in numerous quarries. The strata dip to the south at an angle which corresponds with the profile of the island. The coasts are steep, the base of Kimmeridge clay forming a talus surmounted by perpendicular crags of oolite ; in the north-east cliff there are beds of bituminous shale like those in Ringstead Bay. The south extremity consists of low limestone cliffs, which are worn into numerous caverns by the force of the waves."

The uppermost division of the oolitic system consists of the limestone employed for building purposes, and upon this oolitic stratum, which contains none but marine organic remains, are

superimposed various and widely different deposits. Upon the uppermost marine stratum (abounding in *trigoniae*, *cythereae*, *terebrae*, and ammonites) lies a bed of limestone, and this, in its turn, rests under a layer, about 11 inches thick, of "very dark brown friable loam, which appears to have been a bed of vegetable mould," and contains earthy lignite, pebbles, and wave-worn stones. This is "the dirt-bed" of the quarrymen, and petrified stems, branches of coniferous trees, and plants allied to the *cycas* and *zamia*, are found in and about it. Many of the trees and plants are standing erect, as if petrified while growing undisturbed in their native forests. Their roots extend into the soil of the dirt-bed, and their trunks into the superincumbent strata of limestone. "On one of my visits to the island," says Dr. Mantell, "the surface of a large area of the dirt-bed was exposed, preparatory to its removal, and the appearance presented by the fossil-trees was most striking. The floor of the quarry was literally strewn with fossil wood, and before me was a petrified forest,—the trees and the plants, like the inhabitants of the city in Arabian story, being converted into stone, yet still remaining in the places they occupied when alive! Some of the trunks were surrounded by a conical mound of calcareous earth, which had evidently when in the state of mud accumulated around the stems and roots. The upright trunks were in general a few feet apart, and but 3 or 4 feet high; they were broken and splintered at the top, as if the trees had been snapped or wrenched off at a short distance from the ground. Some were 2 feet in diameter, and the united fragments of one of the prostrate trunks indicated a total length of between 30 and 40 feet. In many examples portions of branches remained attached to the stems."

The "dirt-bed" stretches through the northern district of Portland, and makes a partial appearance in the coves at the west end of Purbeck. It has been also discovered at Swindon in Wiltshire; between Stone and Hartwell; at Binstead, in the Isle of Wight; near Thame, in Oxfordshire; in the Vale of Wardour; and "a stratum, with bituminous matter and silicified wood, occurs in the cliffs of the Boulonnais, on the opposite coast of France, occupying the same relative situation with respect to the Purbeck and Portland formations." Thin layers of cream-coloured limestone, about ten feet thick, cover "the dirt-bed," and these are overlaid by the modern vegetable soil, seldom above a foot in depth, and scarcely equal

to the maintenance of even the bleakest and barrenest vegetation.

The origin of these phenomena is thus explained by Dr. Mantell:—An ocean, or sea, formerly covered the area now occupied by the channel and its shores, on whose bed gradually accumulated a series of deposits of oolitic strata, such as those which compose the Portland limestone beds. This ocean-bed rose, in due time, to the light of day, through some undefinable agency, and on the dry ground thus produced, plants bloomed into life, and animals sprung into existence, forming, by their growth and decay, that stratum of which the Portland “dirt-bed” is so considerable a portion. The waters again overwhelmed this peculiar region—not the salt sea-waters, but the waves of some great river-estuary, which brought down and here deposited an alluvial soil, and produced those layers above “the dirt-bed” represented by the Purbeck strata. Finally, Portland was disrupted from the mass by some tremendous convulsion; and hurled upwards to an elevation considerably exceeding the general level of the Purbeck beds. When, after a succession of changes, the sea once more rolled over its original area, Portland rose above the waters—even as it rises now—a lofty and romantic isle.

This peculiar district is about 4 miles long, and, at its widest, nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile broad. Its highest point is 458 feet above the ocean level. Its shape is that of a tongue, whence it is sometimes called “the Bill of Portland.” In circumference it measures 9 miles. On its west coast the cliffs are very lofty; towards the south they do not exceed 20 or 30 feet in height. Bare, bleak, and desolate, it lacks the grace of flowers, the music of birds, the brightness of streams: and yet it is a district which will long detain the tourist, and engage his careful consideration.

After entering into Portland by the swing-bridge which spans the Fleet, we notice, on our left, the gray walls of PORTLAND CASTLE, erected by Henry VIII. in 1520, on his return from the famous “Field of the Cloth of Gold.” It was bestowed in succession upon Jane Seymour, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr. During the panic which pervaded England on the approach of the Spanish Armada, a small garrison was placed in it. In 1643 it was captured by the Roundheads (under Sir Edward Hungerford), who deposited within its walls the plunder which they had removed from Wardour Castle. But the Royalists speedily

recovered their treasures, and regained possession of Portland, by an ingenious stratagem:—A troop of sixty horsemen, provided with the Parliamentarian colours, galloped towards the castle as if pursued by an enemy, and crying out that they were fleeing from the Royalists, readily obtained admission. The garrison, surprised and overpowered, had no resource but to surrender. In 1646 the fort was again recovered by the forces of the Parliament.

In 1816 the castle was granted by the crown to the Manning family, and it is now occupied by Captain Charles Manning, the Queen's lieutenant for the island, and trustee for the Royal Quarries. Only by his permission, and through an introduction to him, can the visitor inspect "the rare things and curious" of which the castle is now the repository—family portraits by *Lely*, and of King William and Queen Mary, by *Mytens*; prints, very old and scarce, of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and the Coronation procession of Edward VI.; a richly ornamented Indian cabinet; and a shield fashioned out of arms of every kind and period, from the date of the battle of Marathon to that of Waterloo.

We now climb by a steep and difficult road to the high ground, whence "observation, with extended view," may survey a glorious panorama of sea and coast, from Torbay in the west, to the Isle of Wight in the east. The village of FORTUNE'S WELL (*Inn: The Portland Arms*) is 200 feet above the sea, and derives its name from a spring near the inn, which was often visited—the inn, not the spring—by George III. and his family during their sojourn at Weymouth. Ascending the stony slopes of VERNE HILL (490 feet), about to be protected by a strong fortress called the VERNE FORT, we look around in wonder. The broken configuration of the island; the long and rugged ridge of the Chesil Bank; the picturesque coast of Dorsetshire and Devon; the far-spreading ocean, dappled with swiftly changing lights and shadows; the fair inland landscape of pastures, vales, and groves:—these, in all their widely different peculiarities of form and colour, in all their marvellous phases of azure, and emerald-green, and rich deep purple, and pearly white—make up a singular and magnificent picture, which must attract the dullest eye, and appeal to the coldest heart!

Numerous bye-paths branch out from the main road, and

descend into the PORTLAND QUARRIES. There are about 100 of these, distinguished by different names, such as East End, King Barrow, Vern Street, Maggott's, Gosling's, and Red Croft ; but the mode of working is the same in all. First, the quarrymen—strong muscular fellows, with the thews and sinews of giants—clear away the layers of surface-soil and rubbish, removing them in barrows, and depositing them upon the fallow-fields in the neighbourhood. The clearing of an acre occupies *three years*. The next layers are broken up by picks and wedges, and either hurled into the sea, or piled up into lofty mounds. They then arrive at the first workable bed, “the roach,” which is usually separated into blocks by “blasting,” thus :—A vertical hole, 5 feet deep by 3 inches broad, is drilled into the rock, and the bottom, for about 3 inches, is covered with gunpowder, rammed very tightly, and connected with a train outside. The explosion splits the stone for several yards around into perpendicular rents and fissures, forming blocks of 30 to 50 tons in weight. By means of screw-jacks, worked with winches, these are moved over rough, rugged, and dangerous roads, to the required position. They are finally hewn into shape, measured, weighed, and marked, and carried down to the shore in iron cars, on a circuitous tram-way.

The quarries are leased by the Crown to different proprietors, who pay a royalty of 1s. on every ton of stone exported. Half of this amount is deposited in a trust-fund for the benefit of the islanders—a humane provision established by Charles II. (in whose reign the quarries were first worked to any considerable extent), and intended as compensation for the loss occasioned by the destruction of the island pastures. About 50,000 tons are exported yearly. Each quarry is superintended by a steward, who is assisted by a master or foreman, and has under him six men and two boys. The average weekly wage of the men is 10s. to 12s. There remains enough stone in the island to last, at the present rate of consumption, 2000 years ; about one acre being annually removed. It fetches in London 2s. 3d. per cubic foot. St. Paul's Cathedral and several of the Queen Anne churches in London, Goldsmith's Hall, the Banqueting House at Whitehall—(it was Inigo Jones who first detected its valuable qualities)—and the Reform Club House, are built of Portland stone. So was the church of Byland Abbey in the twelfth century, and it still remains in a state of almost perfect preservation.

The islanders are not, it is true, so isolated and independent a community as they were before the introduction of railways, and the descents, upon every point of the southern coast, of bodies of intrepid excursionists, but they retain much of their primitive simplicity. "They are nobly formed," says an accurate observer, "and come very nearly to the finest antique models of strength and beauty. In height they vary from 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet. Large bones, well knit and strongly compacted muscles, confirmed in their united energies by the hardest labour in a pure atmosphere, give them a power so Herculean that 3 cwt. is lifted by men of ordinary strength with ease. Their features are regularly and boldly developed; eyes black, but deprived of their due expression by the partial closure of the lids, caused by the glare of the stone; complexion, a bright ruddy orange; the hair dark and plentiful; and the general expression of the countenance mild and intelligent. Their usual summer costume on working days is a slouched straw hat, covered with canvas and painted black, a shirt with narrow blue stripes, and white canvas trousers. On Sundays they add to these a sailor's short blue jacket, and look very like good-natured tars in their holiday trim. . . . The walls of their houses are built of large blocks of the rougher sorts of stone; the chimneys of brick, and the roofs of broad thin slabs of stone, but sometimes of slate or tile; in which cases, to protect the roof from being lifted by the wind, the edges are bound with a treble row of stone slabs. The form of the roof is usually that of a gable, with a considerable pitch; the doors have those comfortable appendages which, it is to be regretted, are now totally out of fashion in poor men's houses—deep and well-seated porches, with square and angular tops; these, together with the window bars and borders, are kept neatly whitewashed, and give favourable testimony to the cleanliness of the inhabitants."

Quitting the quarries and their denizens we turn aside to visit CASTLETON (*Inn*: The Castle Hotel) and its STONE WHARF, where the stone is shipped on board the 450 vessels engaged in the carrying trade. The tramroad here descends the hill in almost a straight line, the train of loaded waggons, as it runs downward to the wharf, pulling upward a train of empty cars. A convenient road leads from hence to the

PORTLAND BREAKWATER, the great defence of Portland Harbour, and an engineering triumph of splendid utility. It was

first projected, in 1794, by Mr. Harvey of Weymouth, who died in 1821, without the gratification of witnessing the successful development of his idea. His son, Mr. John Harvey, took up the scheme, and constantly and energetically advocated its adoption. At length, in 1844, a commission appointed to investigate the subject of "Harbours of Refuge" recommended to Government the formation of one at Portland, pointing out its advantages both in a commercial and military sense. "A squadron," they observed, "stationed at Portland will have under its protection, jointly with Dartmouth, all the intervening coast; and these places, with Plymouth, will complete the chain of communication and co-operation between Dover and Falmouth, a distance of 300 miles." A breakwater was therefore ordered to be constructed, extending $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the north of the island, in 7 fathoms water; having an opening of 150 feet at a quarter of a mile from the shore, and sheltering an area of 6745 acres, of which 1290 will have a depth of water exceeding 30 feet. The first stone was laid by Prince Albert, July 25, 1849, and the process of construction has since been unremittingly carried on by Mr. Rendel until November 1856, and, since the death of that eminent engineer, by Mr. Coode. Convicts prepare the stone, which is immediately carried down to the shore in iron cars, unattended, by a railway with a steep incline. The waggons are then drawn by a locomotive along a species of wooden pier or jetty to the required point, where their floors are opened, and their burthens deposited in the sea. It is expected that the breakwater will be finally completed early in 1862. It now extends upwards of 7000 feet from the shore, and constantly affords shelter to fleets of merchant vessels and a squadron of men-of-war. The total cost will be nearly £1,500,000, or three times the original estimate, which was founded upon a serious miscalculation of no less than $7\frac{1}{4}$ feet in taking the depths. About 1300 men, chiefly convicts, are employed in the works, and the expense per foot is less than that of any other breakwater, namely £85 per lineal foot. Portland is now a naval station, for which it has the special recommendations of an abundance of fresh water, an excellent roadstead, an inner harbour at Weymouth, and its position with respect to Cherbourg. Extensive fortifications are rapidly rising, both in defence of the island and its harbour.

The CONVICT PRISON, at "the Grove," where so serious an émeute occurred a year or two ago, will be the next point to be

visited by the tourist. It was erected in 1848, and accommodates a governor, deputy-governor, chaplain, schoolmasters, warders, and 1500 convicts. It presents no less than eight wings, besides a chapel, an hospital, warders' houses, and soldiers' barracks. Fresh and salt water are pumped up by a steam-engine from reservoirs near the shore. Gas is supplied by a gasometer belonging to the prison. The average expenditure is £50,000, and each convict costs yearly about £33 : 10s.

We now descend to the COVE OF CHURCH HOPE, a curve in the coast of singularly romantic character. On the cliff above stand the gray and hoary walls of BOW AND ARROW CASTLE, a rude pentagonal tower, traditionally ascribed to William Rufus, and evidently dating from about his period. The small circular holes in its walls were designed for the discharge of arrows, and the machicolated parapets for hurling down stones, darts, masses of lead, and other missiles. Its sole historical association arises from its capture, in 1142, by Robert Earl of Gloucester, the powerful adherent of the Empress Matilda. A bridge connects the castle with the mainland, which is upwards of 300 feet above the sea-level.

In a valley opening upon the sea, and surrounded by a belt of trees, which is all the more pleasurable to the stranger's eye from the general barrenness of the island, stands the substantial and commodious mansion, yclept PENNSYLVANIA CASTLE, built at a cost of £20,000 by Mr. John Penn, died 1834, lieutenant of Portland, and a lineal descendant of the founder of Pennsylvania. On a crag below moulder some ruins of a church, destroyed in the Civil War, which is traditionally said to have indicated, at one time, the centre of the island.

Approaching the southern coast, and keeping along the cliffs, we pass over numerous mystical and obscure caverns, hollowed out by the unceasing action of the waters, and only separated from our feet by a thin roof of rock. Suddenly we draw back from a worn and rugged aperture, called CAVE'S HOLE (from *kuve*, a cauldron?), which the upreaching waves have gradually excavated, and where they are for ever seething and foaming in mysterious wrath. Next we reach PORTLAND BILL, a bold projection of rock, where two light-houses, respectively 197 and 130 feet above the sea, rise for the warning and protection of the wave-tossed mariners. Here the cavernous cliffs are haunted, according to the islanders, by terrible ocean-spirits—

“ And such the strange mysterious dirn
 At times throughout these caverns roll’d,
 And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless spirits imprison’d there,
 That bold were fisher who would dare,
 At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
 Beneath the wizard’s lonely cliff.”—(MOORE.)

Off the point lies (3 miles south-east) a sandbank, called “*The Shambles*,” and between it and the land runs, with a fatal rapidity, a boiling current of waters, known as “*The Race of Portland*.”

We now turn northward, and cross through breezy pastures to our original starting point at Smallmouth Sands, greeted at every step by bold and delightful prospects of sea and land. Once more we regain our skiff,—

“ Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
 The sounding furrows,”—

and rapidly coasting the romantic shores of Portland’s rugged peninsula, and the long narrow ridge of the Chesil Bank, soon catch sight of the bleak bare hills crowned by the towers of **ABBOTSURY**.

The **DECoy** and Lord Ilchester’s **SWANNERY**, at the extremity of that creek or inlet which separates the Chesil Bank from the land, we have already referred to ; **ST. CATHERINE’S CHAPEL** stands on the height above. It is a fifteenth century building, 45 feet by 15 feet, constructed of stone in so massive a manner as almost to defy time and the elements, with four good windows, a four-storied octagonal tower at the north-west angle, a clerestory, and two entrance-archways. The strongly buttressed walls are 4 feet thick.

The ruins of **ST. PETER’S ABBEY**, which formerly gave name to the pleasant hill-sheltered village of **ABBOTSURY** (population, 1077. *Inn* : The Ship), cover a considerable space of ground, and yet possess no special interest. Portions of the dormitory-walls and of a cell, wherein, it is said, the last abbot was starved to death, the gate-house porch, and a buttressed granary of fourteenth century architecture, are all that the hand of man and the assaults of time have spared. This abbey was originally founded in king Knut’s reign by Arius, the seneschal of the palace, and

of course fell, with other religious houses, beneath the blows of Cromwell's iconoclastic commissioners.

ABBOTSURY CHURCH is a Perpendicular building, with an embattled tower, and a niche over the west door, occupied by a symbolic figure of the Trinity. The carved pulpit is of later date, and bears traces of the injuries it received during the attack made upon certain fugitive cavaliers, who had fled to the church for safety, by Sir Anthony Cooper and his Roundhead soldiers. The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas.

About $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile west the hill is occupied with a semicircular camp, locally known as THE CASTLE. It includes an area of 20 acres, has lofty vallums, and double fosses on the east and west, a single vallum north and south, and outworks thrown up towards the north and south-west. Inland lie Portisham, Black Down Hill, Lewesdon, Pillesdon, Bride Bottom, and Hardy's Monument, all to be visited and described in Route 2, Branch Route.

SWYRE, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile (population, 254), a village lying in a hollow between the high grounds of Abbotsbury, east, and the heights of Hammerdon and Shipton, west. Through the valley runs the little river Bredy, rising in the range of chalk-hills which crosses Dorsetshire from Chaldon to Lyme Regis. Its course is about 11 miles. Swyre CHURCH is of little interest. BERWICK FARM (1 mile north-west) may be visited for the sake of its intermittent spring, which ebbs and flows with the sea, and savours of its brine. A small straw-roofed hut protects it.

The brown cliffs of Burton, chiefly composed of fuller's earth, now rise upon the view, and immediately beyond, upon the river Bredy, stands BURTON BRADSTOCK (population, 1181), sheltered from north-western breezes by a considerable hill. The cliffs now change their character, presenting bold strata of marl, and the lower sands of the yellow oolite, picturesquely streaked with diagonal bands of blue lias. Here, through a narrow gap, a small stream forces its way into the sea, and forms the small, sand-blocked haven of BRIDPORT, which lies, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile up the river, on rising ground, and protected in almost every direction by a fence of lofty and wind-swept hills. From the QUAY a long broad street penetrates directly into the town, and brings the wayfarer in front of the plain inelegant building which the good people of Bridport are pleased to designate their TOWN HALL. At

each end of the Quay shoots out a rude wooden pier, and between the two lie the small craft connected with the port.

BRIDPORT—the HARBOUR of the BRIDE, or BREDY.

[Population, 7666. *Inns*: Bull, Greyhound, and, near the Quay, the George. 18 m., by rail, from Dorchester; 135 m. from London; 21 m., by road, from Weymouth; 10 m. from Abbotsbury Castle; 8½ m. from Beaminster; 9½ m. from Lyme Regis; 8 m. from Stoke Abbas; 6 m. from Whitechurch; 10 m. from Winford Eagle.

~~Coaches~~ Coaches daily to Charmouth, Lyme Regis, Weymouth, and Dorchester.

BANKERS: Messrs T. H. Williams & Co.—*MARKETS*, Wednesday and Saturday.]

The configuration of the town of Bridport is easily described. Fancy a gentle ascent, sloping towards the sea on the south, and down into a small valley on the east and west. From these valleys let bold hills arise, and throw out an amphitheatre of hills towards the north. Imagine one long, broad thoroughfare running up and down the ascent, from east to west, and, of course, commanding either way a pleasant prospect of a fresh, green hill—especially, to the westward, of COLMER'S HILL, which has always a strangely picturesque appearance. Out of the network of streets, which makes up Bridport proper, starts a wide and sinuous street—they say it is a mile and a half long—crossing the lowlands to the sea-shore, where it terminates at a busy quay, and where a small hamlet is devoted to fishermen, boatmen, and their “belongings.”

The principal manufactures are those of twine, shoe-thread, and rope. In Henry VIII's time, most of the cordage used in the royal navy was fabricated here, or within a circle of five miles. From the hemp grown largely in the neighbourhood came the phrase—to be “stabbed with a Bridport dagger,”—i.e., to be hung.

Bridport has no history. It returns, and has long returned, two members to Parliament, and possibly its electioneering annals might afford some half-dozen skirmishes or riots if it were worth one's while to burrow for them; but its historical associations, in a wider sense, are really insignificant. It was implicated, with almost all the western towns, in Monmouth's rebellion, and it was here that Grey and Wade, on the 14th of June, 1685, attacked the red regiment of the Dorsetshire militia. They were compelled, however, to retreat—with little honour to themselves—

upon Lyme Regis. When the brutal Jeffreys, after the suppression of the revolt, held his "Bloody Assizes" in the western counties, twelve unfortunates were hung by his orders in the market-place of Bridport.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, was built in the fifteenth century. It is cruciform in plan, with a Perpendicular tower of three storeys. In the north transept remark the tomb and effigy, in red stone, of a member of the Chidiock family. The INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, Early Decorated in style, is a much more graceful building than dissenters generally favour. The TWINE FACTORIES and YARN MILL should be inspected by the tourist who travels for something more than merely *pour passer le temps*, and remembers Bacon's wise homily—"Travel in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience."

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Through ALLINGTON and PARNHAM to BEAMINSTER is a walk of considerable interest and beauty, and the tourist may easily vary his homeward route. 2. A stroll through scenery of a more romantic character will be found along the coast road from Bridport to Lyme Regis, returning by way of CONEYMORE. The wayfarer first climbs COLMER'S HILL, and then descends into CHIDIOCK, the ancient seat of an extinct family; crosses the stream, and emerges from the valley upon the breezy heights of Morecombe lake—Hadden Hill rising to the north, and the remarkable elevation of Golden Cap to the south; winds through "Marshwood's fruitful vale," and around the side of Stonebarrow, into CHARMOUTH; and thence, following the coast, moves into Lyme Regis. 3. From Bridport, across Shipton Beacon, to WINTERBORNE ABBAS, and so into Dorchester, returning by rail to MAIDEN NEWTON, and thence, by road, across Eggardon Hill—is a ramble to be much approved. 4. Follow the coast-road, through SWYRE to ABBOTSURY. Then cross to PORTISHEAD, and over the downs into the Dorchester road. Turn westward, and so, by a hilly road, into Bridport.]

After quitting Bridport Harbour, the first point of interest is the DOWN CLIFFS, where the sands of the inferior oolite rest upon a basis of blue lias. GOLDEN CAP is next discerned, and indeed, it is easily recognisable by its peculiar form and great elevation. Just beyond rises Stonebarrow Hill, along whose flank is carried the Bridport road. And now, we open upon the little river and populous village of

CHARMOUTH (population, 664. *Inns*: Coach and Horses, The George), chiefly built upon the low land watered by the Char (which rises at Lewesdon Hill, 9 miles distant), and rambling along the sea-shore, but not altogether disdaining the beautiful prospects afforded by the hill—the "Plinlimmon of Dorset"—which rises in the rear, and whose slopes are now dotted with many pleasant villas.

(s.w.)

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It was at Charmouth, in 833, that King Egbert fought against a body of Danes who had landed from 35 ships, and "there was great slaughter made, and the Danish-men maintained possession of the field." Seven years later, Ethelwulf was equally unsuccessful against a similar horde of rovers, but the Danes afterwards carried off their wounded, and retired to their galleys. The town played no important part in the after-history of England ; but, in 1651, became associated with a romantic incident in the escape of Charles II. It had been agreed with the master of a small coasting-brig that a boat should await the arrival of the royal fugitive at Charmouth. The king, attended by Lord Wilmot and Colonel Wyndham, in due time gained the appointed rendezvous, but the vessel had been accidentally detained, and there was no help for it but to pass the night in the village-inn. On the following morning it was discovered that the king's horse had cast a shoe, and a smith was sent for to supply the want. Observing that the horse's shoes were fastened according to the custom of the northern parts of England, the smith communicated the circumstance to a Roundhead trooper who officiated as hostler, and he, in his turn, conveyed the intelligence to the Puritan minister, from whom it travelled to the Puritan justice of the peace. A detachment of cavalry was immediately ordered out in pursuit of the fugitives, but taking the wrong road, the king was enabled to effect his escape. The chamber wherein he slept is still shewn in the quaint old cottage, next to the chapel, into which the inn has been converted.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Matthew, was rebuilt in 1503, and contains a screen, and some *misereres* carved with grotesque figures.

The angler will find trout and salmon-peel in the Char. The geologist may look for shells and fossil remains in the cliffs — ammonites and belemnites,—the bones of Plesiosauri, Pterodactyles, and Ichthyosauri. Coniferous plants, and remains of the elephant and rhinoceros are often discovered in a gravel-bed near the mouth of the river. The bituminous shale, which occurs here in the lias, took fire spontaneously in 1531 and 1751.

A short voyage—two miles or so—brings us to

LYME REGIS—*i.e.*, The KING'S TOWN of LYME.

[Population 2329. *Inns*: Three Cups, Red Lion, and George. 144 m. from London; 25 m. from Exeter; $9\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Bridport; 24 m. from Dorchester; and 6 m. from Axminster.

~~227~~ Omnibuses daily to Bridport, and thence, by rail, to Yeovil and Dorchester; to Axminster, Chard, Ilminster, and Taunton; and Honiton, and Exeter.

BANKERS: Messrs R. H. Williams & Co.]

He who goeth to Lyme Regis will find its inhabitants proud of three things,—their Esplanade, their *Cobb* or pier, and their “George Inn.” The first is a broad level walk by the sea-side, much frequented by nurserymaids, children, invalids, and young ladies in crinoline. The second shelters the sands from violent seas, and is really a curious and note-worthy structure.* It was first erected in the reign of Edward III., and having undergone a succession of repairs, renewals, and restorations, was brought, in 1825-6, at a cost of £17,337, into its present condition,—232 feet of its roadway, and 447 feet of its parapet being reconstructed under the superintendance of Lieut.-Col. Fanshawe. Its total length is now 680 feet, and its height above the sea-level 16 feet. From its semicircular form it concentrates at one point the sounds produced at another, with an effect similar to that which distinguishes the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's; and its curvature affords a secure harbour, much frequented by coasters and lobster smacks. The “George Inn” is noticeable as the residence, for four days, of the Duke of Monmouth, when he landed here in 1685. His bed-chamber is still pointed out to the curious.

Having inspected these three “lions,” the visitor will have seen all that particularly “renowns” Lyme Regis, as far as “the works of man” are involved; but he must next direct his attention to its natural advantages—to the mighty hills that *roll* along the coast, like billow upon billow—to the abrupt peak of the RHODE HORN, rising in the rear of the town, and penetrated by the artificial cutting of the NEW PASSAGE: a breeze-swept road not to be lightly adventured upon in a winter gale—to the sands, level and tenacious; and the cliffs broken up into a thousand picturesque forms. “The character of the scenery,” says Miss Mitford, “the boldness of the coast, and the rich woodiness of

* According to Roger North, the name is derived from *cobble-stone*; and he says, that “not a stone was ever touched with a tool, or bedded in any sort of cement”

the inland views, varied by hill and dale, and sparkling streamlet, belong entirely to Devonshire. The town is distinguished by its fine harbour, its magnificent pier, and the large coasting trade consequent on these advantages ; it is, for the most part, old, dingy, and irregular. It lies in the centre of a natural bay, and, on the one side, the sands go sweeping under cliffs of a tremendous height and blackness, down which a rapid stream [the Lym] comes pouring its slender waters, like a thread of silver, to an abrupt headland, beyond which the cliff had in some former century given way ; and where masses of earth, huge trees, and even an old mossy orchard, were mingled in most romantic confusion with huge rocks, blackened by exposure, and the gardens, barns, and other buildings of a small farm-house. On the opposite side of the bay, the coast-road, after passing the pier and the harbour, winds under rocks, of which large fragments strew the shore, and which every moment seem threatening to fall, to a pretty village [Pinney] about a mile and a half from the town."

As far back as the days of the Saxon kings, Saxon workers had formed a settlement in this advantageous locality, and established here some largely productive salterns. Lyme Regis did not decay after the establishment of the Norman supremacy, and when Edward III. marshalled his fleet against Calais, contributed four ships and six and twenty mariners. It suffered, like other seaports on the southern coast, from the descents of the French, but repulsed them in 1544 with considerable slaughter. A century later, and it was involved in the turmoil of the Civil Wars. Lord Paulet and Sir John Berkeley captured the town in March 1644, but the great siege took place from April 10 to June 14, and formed one of the most stirring incidents of a stirring time. The Parliamentarian garrison was then commanded by Colonel Ceeley, assisted by Robert Blake, the future hero of so many ocean-triumphs ; and the Royalists were led by Prince Maurice, who established his head-quarters at Old Colway and Hay House, and disposed his troops upon the neighbouring hill. The besieged held out for nearly seven weeks, and were finally relieved by the Parliamentarian army under the Earl of Essex. Day after day the attack was made, and day after day it was repulsed, until the blood ran red upon "Lyme's leaguered beach."

It was here that the Duke of Monmouth landed, on the 11th

of June 1685, accompanied by Grey, Fletcher, Ferguson, Wade, and about 80 men. Monmouth, on his landing, immediately commanded silence, "kneeled down on the shore, thanked God for having preserved the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea, and implored the divine blessing on what was yet to be done by land. He then drew his sword, and led his men over the cliffs into the town. As soon as it was known under what leader, and for what purpose the expedition came, the enthusiasm of the populace burst through all restraints. The little town was in an uproar, with men running to and fro, and shouting, 'A Monmouth ! a Monmouth ! the Protestant religion !' Meanwhile the ensign of the adventurers, a blue flag, was set up in the market-place. The military stores were deposited in the Town Hall ; and a declaration, setting forth the objects of the expedition, was read from the Cross"—(*Macaulay*, chap. v). After four days' stay at the George Inn, and having collected upwards of 1500 horse and foot, Monmouth set out upon the bold adventure which had so disastrous an issue.

The WORTHIES of Lyme may next be enumerated. First and foremost we place *Captain Coram*, born here in 1668, and renowned as the benevolent founder of the Foundling Hospital, whom a neglectful public suffered to wear out his old age in undeserved penury ; *Sir George Somers*, the discoverer of "the vext Bermoothes"—formerly named after him, "the Somers' Islands"—was also a native ; and *Arthur Gregory*, famed for his skill in opening private correspondence, and employed by Walsingham to open the letters addressed to, or written by Mary, Queen of Scots—"he had an admirable tact of forcing a seal, yet so invisibly that it still appeared a virgin to the exactest beholder"—(*Fuller*). *Dr. Case*, notorious in the days of James II, and William III, as an astrologer and quack physician, was also born at Lyme. Having acquired considerable wealth by his nostrums, he started a carriage, and blazoned on the panels a coat of arms, and the pithy motto, "The Case is altered." The *Ichthyosaurus* was first discovered (1811) in the neighbouring cliffs by a native of Lyme, *Miss Mary Anning*, then only in her 11th year.

[*HINTS FOR RAMBLERS*.—1. There is so much of the romantic and beautiful in the vicinity of Lyme Regis, that wherever the tourist bends his steps, he will surely meet with attractive changes of scenery. To the westward, the coast is richly and boldly picturesque, and no tourist will fail to visit the UNDERCLIFF, the CHIMNEY ROCK, an abrupt and striking projection ; the WHITECHAPEL ROCKS, so named be-

cause they were resorted to by persecuted Nonconformists in the reign of Charles II., as a secure place of devotion; and the PINNEY LANDSLIP, near Dowlands, where the silent agency of hidden springs has washed away the base of clay and sand on which the chalk and sandstone rested, and produced a disruption of nature as picturesque as it is wonderful. At Christmas 1839, a landslip of 40 acres occurred on the farms of Bendon and Dowlands. After a few days of gradual subsidence, the earth moved bodily downward, and was rent open into a vast chasm with a loud crackling noise, which was plainly audible at a moderate distance. Two cottages and a fine orchard shared in the general destruction; and rude crags and rough pinnacles everywhere started up as if designed by nature to be the monuments and memorials of a wide spread ruin. From the brink of the cliff, the completest view, perhaps, is to be obtained of the extraordinary scene beneath, but the wayfarer will do well to survey it from different points. Almost opposite to the commencement of the great chasm stands BENDON FARM, a quaintly interesting Jacobean manor-house, which was long the seat of the Erle family, now represented by Lord Chief Justice Erle, and Thomas Erle Drax, Esq. From this point the tourist may strike across to AXMOUTH, and return by way of Hawkesdown Hill. 2. A walk across the sands to CHARMOUGH, and thence to "Golden Cap," and the "Down Cliffs," penetrating inland to BRIDPORT, and returning by the high road, may be commended. 3. A ramble northward should include CONIE (i. e., Konig's, or King's) CASTLE, and LAMBERT'S CASTLE—two encampments of remarkable strength—and the sister-hills of LEWESDON and PILLESDON, overlooking the vale of Marshwood, and the downs and dells of western Devon. 4. AXMINSTER (population, 3888, including the districts of Kilmington, population, 533, and Membury, population, 793), 5 miles west, on the pretty river Axe, should of course be visited. Its carpet-manufactories have a wide-spread reputation, and its Early English CHURCH contains a finely carved pulpit, and three good sedilia. The font is ancient. *John Prince*, the quaint and laborious author of "The Worthies of Devon," and *Dr. Buckland*, the eminent geologist, were natives of Axminster. 5. FORD ABBEY is 10 miles from Lyme, but the tourist may avail himself, for a considerable portion of the distance, of the omnibus to Chard].

ROUTE II.—RINGWOOD to DORCHESTER.

BY LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

[From Ringwood to Conford Magna, left of the line, 8 m. ; Wimborne Minster, 1½ m. ; Poole Junction, 6 m. ; Wareham, 5 m. ; East Stoke, 3 m. ; Wool, 1½ m. ; Woodsford, 4½ m. ; West Stafford, 8½ m. ; Dorchester, 2 m., &c., 85 m. from Ringwood, 140 m. from London.]

RINGWOOD.

[Population, 2075.—*Inns*: The White Hart, The Crown. 106 m. from London; 29 m. from Winchester; 26 m. from Southampton; 18½ m. from Salisbury; 9 m. from Christchurch; and 17 m. by rail from Poole. *Market Day*—Wednesday. *Bankers*—Messrs. Ledgard and Sons. ~~Bus~~ Coach to Salisbury every morning.]

Ringwood is an ancient and a pleasant town, scattered along the highroad to Southampton and the eastern bank of the Avon, which

here divides into several branches. Camden, with audacious speculation, claims it to have been the "Regnum" of Antoninus, and hence derives its name ; but it was probably called after the royal manor of Kingswood, corrupted by the Norman compilers of Domesday book into RINCEVEDE. At that date it was occupied by about 600 inhabitants—(*Moody*). Its annals are entirely destitute of historic interest, and it rests its principal claims to distinction by the tourist on its brewage of strong beer, and its manufacture of stout gloves. Its trade, however, of late years, has considerably declined.

The square massive tower of the CHURCH (which is dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul) will attract the visitor's attention immediately upon his entrance into the town. The ground-plan of the building is cruciform, and the architecture Early English, but repairs and restorations have been recently made at a considerable expense, and with a questionable result. The most satisfactory building in the town is the ALMS HOUSE, erected from Mr. Francis' designs, in 1843, in pursuance of the directions of the will of a Mr. William Clark, an opulent brewer of Ringwood.

To Ringwood the Duke of Monmouth was conveyed after his defeat at Sedgmoor. He was discovered at a place called THE ISLAND, near Winchborne (see *post*),—"an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the pease, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man"—(*Macaulay*). Here, in a ditch, was found concealed Charles the Second's favourite and once brilliant son. He remained at Ringwood for two days, and was then removed to London (July 9 and 10, 1685).

Ringwood is a convenient starting-point or centre for many agreeable excursions. The bosky glades of the New Forest, and the rich rare scenery of Christchurch Bay may well be visited from hence ; but perhaps the pleasantest, if not the most striking ramble, is that which opens up to the wayfarer the valley of the Avon from Fording Bridge to Salisbury.

BRANCH ROUTE—RINGWOOD TO SALISBURY.

As this route must necessarily lie without the boundaries of Dorsetshire, and has been detailed with some degree of fulness in

our "Guide to the South-Eastern Counties," we shall here content ourselves with rapidly surveying its more important stages.

After leaving Ringwood, the road winds through a charming succession of delectable river-views, and, traversing the "undulating grounds" of SOMERLEY PARK (Earl of Normanton), passes to the left of the village of ELLINGHAM (population, 346), (an ancient settlement of the Adelingas), which formerly possessed a cell in connection with the abbey of St. Saviour à le Vicompte, founded in the reign of Henry II. Of this monastic house the present CHURCH is supposed to have been a portion. Its antiquity is undoubted, but very little of the original building can now be extant. A curious history attaches to the altar-piece—a bad picture of "the Day of Judgment." It was one of the decorations of a Roman Catholic Church at Port St. Mary, in the Bay of Cadiz, and was rifled thence, in 1702, when the English sacked the town. Brigadier-General Windsor brought it to England, and his descendant, Lord Windsor, presented it to the authorities of Ellingham. The churchyard contains the tomb of an historical worthy, with the following simple inscription:—"Here lies Dame *Alicia Lisle*, and her daughter *Ann Hartell*, who dyed the 17th Feb. 1704. Alicia Lisle dyed the 2d of Sept. 1685."

MOYLE COURT, the ancient manorial residence of the Lises (a family descended from the De Insulas, or De L'Isles, of the Isle of Wight, where they divided into two branches), lies to the right of the Ellingham road, and is now occupied as a farm-house. Few of our readers but will remember Lord Macaulay's admirable narrative of the events which have rendered it "an English shrine," and few, perhaps, who have not shed a tear for the fate of the hapless but honoured Alicia Lisle. This noble lady, the widow of Colonel Lisle (one of the judges on the trial of Charles I., not the least distinguished of Cromwell's lords, and therefore the victim of three hired assassins at Lausanne)—this noble lady, who "had deeply regretted some violent acts in which her husband had borne a part, and had protected and relieved many cavaliers in their distress," whose son was an officer in the Royal Army—who was widely respected and esteemed by Tory as well as Whig—gave food and shelter to two wretched fugitives from the fatal field of Sedgmoor—John Hickes, a divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer. She was accordingly selected as "an example" by the infamous Jeffreys. "It was no easy

matter, in such a case, to obtain a verdict for the Crown. The witnesses prevaricated. The jury, consisting of the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, shrank from the thought of sending a fellow-creature to the stake for conduct which seemed deserving rather of praise than of blame. Jeffreys was beside himself with fury. He stormed, cursed, and swore in language which no well-bred man would have used at a race or a cock-fight. At length he bullied the jury into delivering a reluctant verdict of *guilty*.

"On the following morning sentence was pronounced. Jeffreys gave directions that Alice Lisle should be burned alive that very afternoon. This excess of barbarity moved the pity and indignation even of the class which was most devoted to the crown. The clergy of Winchester Cathedral remonstrated with the chief-justice, who, brutal as he was, was not mad enough to risk a quarrel on such a subject with a body so much respected by the Tory party. He consented to put off the execution five days. During that time the friends of the prisoner besought James to be merciful. Ladies of high rank interceded for her. Feversham, whose recent victory had increased his influence at court, and who, it is said, had been bribed to take the compassionate side, spoke in her favour. Clarendon, the king's brother-in-law, pleaded her cause. But all was vain. The utmost that could be obtained was, that her sentence should be commuted from burning to beheading. She was put to death on a scaffold in the market-place of Winchester, and underwent her fate with serene courage"—(*Macaulay, Hist. England, c. v.*)

Moyle Court still exhibits some remains of its ancient state, and within there is a massive and carved staircase which *may* have been trodden by the Lady Alicia herself. The closet is shewn wherein it is said she concealed the fugitives ; but if so, the concealment must have been of a very precarious description.

SOMERLEY PARK (Earl of Normanton) is a spot where the tourist will be well content to linger out a summer's day. The picture-gallery is in many respects a remarkable one, and if he can obtain permission to view it he will not fail to be delighted with its admirable examples of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*,—with that great master's sketch of the "Adoration of the Shepherds," which glows in coloured glass in the west window of New College, Oxford ; his Gipsy casting fortunes ; his allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and For-

titude, designed for the lower part of the window already spoken of ; his portraits of Lady Emma Hamilton, Miss Gwynne, Lord Nelson, Lady Pembroke, and Mrs. Inchbald ; and the Infant Samuel. Then there are—the fine portrait of Pitt, by *Gainsborough* ; an exquisite landscape, *Morland* ; Lady Emma Hamilton, *Romney* ; a Girl crossing a stream, *Creswick* ; the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I., *Vandyck* ; Lady Jane Grey (?), *Holbein* ; a Storm at Sea, *Backhuysen* ; Marriage of St. Catherine, *Parmegianino* ; a Maiden with a rose-branch, *Guido* ; the Infant Jesus sleeping, *Murillo* ;—and other “things of beauty” which, to the man of feeling, are “joys for ever.”

But if you cannot obtain admission to the picture gallery, you can at least wander through the park ; into its ferny brakes, where the pheasant rises with a whirr of wings at your approach, and the startled hare flies hurriedly into a thicker covert ; along its grassy glades, the smooth crisp sward springing beneath your footsteps ; under the shade of venerable trees, majestic in the vigour of their hundred years ; and by the banks of the pleasant Avon, where the swan “floats double, swan and shadow.” Then you strike northward, beyond its delightful landscapes, to HARBRIDGE (population, 342), seated at the foot of a low range of hills, on the western bank of the river, with a stately towered CHURCH, rising picturesquely above the village roofs. On the east bank lies IBSLEY (population, 316), *i.e.*, Tibba's Fields,—the CHURCH, small and old, but with a modern chancel, and containing a monument to Sir John Constable and his wife ;—the village romantic, charmingly situated on rising ground, and blooming with groves and gardens.

“ A little while, O traveller ! linger here,
 And let thy leisure eye behold and feel
 The beauties of the place ; yon heathy hill
 That rises sudden from the vale so green,
 The vale far-stretching as the view can reach
 Under its long dark ridge, the river here
 That, like a serpent, through the grassy mead
 Winds on, now hidden, glittering now in light.”

Southey.

Our next pause will be at FORDINGBRIDGE (population, 1130. *Inn* : The Greyhound). 6 miles from Ringwood, a busy

town, whose inhabitants are chiefly occupied in the manufacture of canvas and the spinning of flax. They are justly proud of their CHURCH, a large and goodly structure, chiefly Early Decorated in style, but with the additions of Perpendicular windows and a Perpendicular roof. The chancel is late Early English,—the eastern window a curious arrangement of three lancet-lights. A careful restoration of the whole was effected in 1841.

At GODSHILL, 2 miles east, an oak-crowned hill exhibits the remains of the double fosse and vallum of an ancient camp. The whole neighbourhood bears traces of the great tides of battle which here rolled to and fro in the days of Celt and Saxon.

Our road still lies due north, and carries us through a semi-cultivated district, the extreme west of Hampshire. A mass of small hills rises on our left, overlooking the grounds of WEST PARK (Lady Coote), and the pretty village of ROCKBOURNE (population, 515), to which a diversion by the tourist would be perfectly justifiable. In its quaint old CHURCH, an exquisitely sculptured alto-relievo, by *Gibson*, of a winged angel encouraging a widowed female who stands supported by two fair children, commemorates Sir *Eyre Coote*, d. 1834, aged 28, the son of the great Indian soldier, whose memorial-column crowns the neighbouring height.

As the road turns away to the north-east, following the course of the Avon, the woodlands of BREAMORE (population, 646) appear on our left, while across the river, on our right, extends a somewhat wild and even savage country. At Breamore, Baldwin de Redvers, *temp. Henry I.*, founded an Augustinian priory, whose revenues, at the time of the Suppression, were computed at £200 per annum. BREAMORE CHURCH is dedicated to St. Mary. The Elizabethan manor-house of BREAMORE (Sir Charles Hulse) was burnt down in 1856. The new mansion is probably by this time completed.

At $10\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Ringwood, and near North Chardford, we enter the county of Wiltshire. To the left lies LUSHINGER PARK (Earl of Radnor), now converted into a large farm. The prospects which it commands are of exquisite variety. CHARDFORD is the spot, it is supposed, where Cynric and his Saxons forded the Avon. About 1 mile beyond we arrive at DOWN.

TON (population, 2250) and its Moot—the remarkable collection of earthworks which was anciently the *locale* of the Motes or Councils of our Saxon forefathers. A quaint trim garden, well ordered by its proprietor, W. Shuckburgh, Esq., encloses these curious relics of the ancient past.

Downton was thrice favoured with the presence of King John, who resided, during his stay here, at the palace of the bishops of Winchester, a pleasant mansion on the river bank. Its site is still known as the OLD COURT. The CHURCH dates from about that monarch's reign, and contains a Decorated font and Schumacher's monument to *Lady Feversham*. An old weather-worn cross was lately standing in its quiet grave-yard. The RECTORY, a quaint Jacobean manor-house, long the residence of the Raleighs, and afterwards the birth-place of Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, one of our old "sea-dogs," is now converted into a farm-house,—the usual fate of the Elizabethan and Jacobean manorial mansions. At WICK DOWN, W., are traces of an ancient MISE-MAZE, whose origin and uses are uncertain, and away to the south-west runs the GRIMS-DITCH, a British fosse or trench of such antiquity that even the Saxons supposed it to have been fashioned by supernatural agency, and named it the GRIMA'S or "Demon's Dyke."

On our left, as we leave Downton behind us, rises the bold and lofty hill of CHARBURY RING, its summit crowned by an oblong camp, which boasts of a vallum 40 feet high, and a fosse of considerable depth. It has been generally attributed to Cynric and his Saxons, who ravaged Hants and Wilts from 519 to 552, and in the latter year, by the capture of Old Sarum, completed the subjugation of the Romano-Britons.

Advancing through a deep defile to SALISBURY, we pass in succession, on the right, LONGFORD CASTLE (Earl of Radnor), a noble house, with a noble picture gallery,—NEW HALL (Major-General Buckley, M.P.),—and BRITFORD (G. P. Jervoise, Esq.): on the left, OLDSTOCK and its Church, containing an Elizabethan pulpit of carved oak,—the village of LONGFORD,—and HARNHAM HILL, a view-point of great interest. We then move into the city of many streams, into fresh and pleasant Salisbury, the graceful spire of its beautiful cathedral springing into the air with a lightness and an elegance which the dullest cannot fail to appreciate.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—RINGWOOD to WIMBORNE MINSTER.

From Ringwood to Wimborne Minster, by rail, is about $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; by road it is somewhat less. Both rail and road traverse an interesting country, and, indeed, are seldom above a mile apart. At first we open up some bright glimpses of the glades of the New Forest ; then crossing, at WOOL BRIDGE, 107 miles from London, the borders of Dorsetshire, we pass over a bare, bleak heath, into rich fair valleys, and ample meadows, and village-closes, stream-brightened and leaf-enshrouded, whilst against the northern sky rise those rounded hills of chalk for which Dorsetshire is so famous. Both road and rail, at 8 miles from Ringwood, pass close to the little village of Canford on the river Stour. From this point a pleasant path follows the course of the river westward to CANFORD HALL (Sir I. B. Guest), a commodious Elizabethan mansion in a very agreeable situation ; and CANFORD MAGNA (population, 886), a picturesque village in a fertile hollow, rejoicing in a quaint old church. A mile and a half of pleasant rambling brings us to

WIMBORNE MINSTER (population, 2295. *Inns* : Crown, King's Arms. Conveyances to Blandford daily. *Bankers*—Wilts and Dorset Banking Company, and National Provincial Bank) situated on a gentle slope whose base is watered by the Allen, a tributary of the Stour. The railway passes three-quarters of a mile south-west of the town, on an embankment, and near the station, crosses the Stour on a wooden viaduct.

The town is clean, neat, and healthy, but despite its manufactures of coaches and knitted hose, by no means lively. Its interest is solely centred in the MINSTER from whence it derives its name—a fine cruciform building of great antiquity, which has almost the majestic solemnity of a Gothic cathedral. A Norman tower (of red sandstone) rises above the transept, and a small tower terminates its western arm. The total length is 180 feet.

The NAVE, recently restored, is now used as the parish church, and becomes impressive from the unusual proportions of its round and solid piers, and Transition-Norman arches ; the latter enriched with the usual zigzag mouldings. The carved oaken gallery was

erected in 1825 ; it is of Italian origin. The clock keeps in motion a lunar orrery dating from the sixteenth century.

In the CHOIR full cathedral service is performed daily by three priests, three clerks, and four singing boys. The stalls and gates, of oak, and of the workmanship of the time of James I, were presented by a member of the Bankes family, whose shield is carved upon them.

In the SOUTH AISLE stand the memorials of *Anthony Ettricke*, the Ringwood magistrate by whom the Duke of Monmouth was committed after his capture, and Sir *Edmund Uvedale*, d. 1606—the latter a fine alabaster monument. In the north aisle remark a much defaced effigy of a Templar, discovered in the market-place, formerly the site of a church.

The SOUTH TRANSEPT was long known as DEATH'S AISLE, from a curious fresco of the "King of Terrors" painted on its wall.

The CHANCEL contains many interesting features :—a rich Decorated piscina, canopied, and three stone sedilia ; and a glorious east window, glowing with the deep colours of rare old glass, brought from Italy by one of the Bankes family. The circular mouldings surmounting its three lancet-lights spring from slender shafts of Purbeck marble. Under a stained window, the gift of the Duke of Somerset, on the north side, stands the tomb, with finely sculptured effigies in alabaster, of *John de Beaumont*, Duke of Somerset, d. 1444, and his duchess, *Margaret Beauchamp*,—erected to their memory by their daughter, the Countess Margaret of Salisbury, mother of Henry VII. Under a stained window, the gift of the Earl of Devon, on the south side, is the altar-tomb of *Gertrude*, Marchioness of Exeter, d. 1558, the mother of Edward Courtenay, the last Earl of Devonshire. Here, too, are buried the daughters of the great Defoe. A brass in the pavement, date 827, is said to mark the resting-place of King Ethelred, killed in battle by the Danes at Morden. Underneath the chancel is a small groined crypt, anciently used as St. Mary's Chapel ; the roof supported by four massive piers. A window, erected in 1858 by the Earl of Malmesbury, commemorates his tutor, the late vicar of Wimborne. There are some old books, of strange character, fastened with chains to an iron shaft, in the LIBRARY, which occupies a room over the vestry.

Tradition ascribes the erection of the Minster to Cuthberga, sister of Ina, King of Wessex, who, in reality, did but found here

a nunnery in 718 ; the Minster, for secular canons, having been established by Edward the Confessor. The present building retains but little of the ancient foundation. The nave is, perhaps, Transition-Norman, with a Perpendicular clerestory ; the arches opening out at either side are Late Norman. The west tower was built in 1448-64. The central tower dates from about 1100. The north-east porch was erected in 1714.

Besides the memorials already mentioned will be found the altar-tomb, in the south aisle, of *John de Berwick*, dean, d. 1312 ; and the effigy and tomb, in the south transept, of *Thomas de Brembre*, dean, d. 1361. There are frescoes—of the Burial of the Virgin, in the south aisle of the choir, and of Edward the Confessor, presented with a model of the church by its architects, in the crypt.

Wimborne (*i.e.*, “wind” and “bourne,” the *head of the stream*) is supposed to have been occupied in the winter by those Roman troops who, during the brighter months of the year, garrisoned the *castra* at Badbury. It is generally received as the birth-place (July 21, 1664) of Matthew Prior the poet.

Taking Wimborne as a centre, and drawing around it a circle of about 2 miles’ radius, the tourist will meet with much to amuse and delight him. CANFORD HALL (Sir Ivon Guest), already alluded to, lies on the Stour about 2 miles south-east. The house, in the Tudor style, built by Blore in 1826 for Lord de Mauley, was improved by the late Sir Charles Barry about ten years ago. Its KITCHEN, a Tudor erection, with two enormous fire-places, is, however, a portion of the Ursuline convent which once occupied this site. The HALL is of noble proportions, and admirably fitted up. A fine collection of Assyrian sculptures, made at Nineveh by Mr. Layard, occupies a gallery which is approached from the house by a lighted corridor.

The manor of Canford Magna has attached to it the right of a fishery, once a year, which is significantly called “the Royal Hawl.” The CHURCH stands in the Hall grounds, a picturesque Norman building with an ivy-shrouded tower. From this point to Poole stretches a long reach of dark green fir-woods.

About 2 miles to the west of Canford, and, consequently, almost directly south of Wimborne, stands MERLY HOUSE (Willett Adge, Esq.), surrounded by an agreeable “park-like” demesne. Its chief attraction is a collection of original sketches by Hogarth.

In the neighbourhood are GAUNT’S HOUSE (Sir Richard Glyn),

associated with memories of the “aspiring Lancaster,” HENBURY HOUSE (C. J. Parke, Esq.) ; HIGH HALL ; and KNOWLE HOUSE (W. C. Lambert, Esq.)

Wimborne is designed to be the junction-point of the London and South-Western Railway with the Dorset Central and Somerset Central lines, thus connecting Bristol with Southampton and Portsmouth.

BRANCH ROUTE—WIMBORNE MINSTER to SALISBURY.

The road from Wimborne gradually ascends the flank of a range of chalk hills, crossing the Allen at Warton Bridge, and passing, on the right, HIGH HALL ; on the left, the acclivity of BADSBURY RINGS. Soon afterwards GAUNT'S HOUSE becomes conspicuous on the right, and climbing the summit of the hill, we see in the valley below us, near the head of a branch of the Stour, the village of HORTON (population, 440) and HORTON PARK. To the left, upon another branch of the Stour, lies the old manorial house of MORE CRITCHELL (H. C. Sturt, Esq.)

A detour to the right of about 2 miles conducts us to the WOODLANDS, the property of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the scene of the Duke of Monmouth's capture after his flight from Sedgmoor. He and his companions, on their way from the fatal field, were compelled to abandon their jaded horses on Cranborne Chase, and seek refuge among the wild woods and morasses which then covered this part of the country. “They passed the night in the open air, but before morning they were surrounded on every side with toils.” The Duke, who had parted from his companions near Woodyate's Inn, some miles north of Cranborne, had wandered into a wild and lonely tract on Horton Heath known as “the Island,” where, during the night, he lay concealed in a ferny ditch, subsisting on a few parched peas, and at dawn was discovered by one of his pursuers. The ash tree which marks the place of his concealment is carved with the names of many a curious visitor.

At $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Wimborne, we reach ST. GILES' PARK (Earl of Shaftesbury), of which the high road forms, for its whole extent, the eastern boundary. It was here that Anthony Cooper—afterwards Baron Ashley (the A of the famous CABAL ministry) Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Chancellor—was born in

1621. The reader will, of course, remember the *Achitophel* of Dryden's immortal satire :—

“ A name to all succeeding ages curst ;
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. . . .
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's court ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of despatch, and easy of access.”

It was here that the *third* Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the “Characteristics” and the witty essay entitled “Sensus Communis,” was educated by Locke, who had been concerned in promoting the marriage of the Earl's father. Shaftesbury deserves to be regarded as the founder of a distinct school of philosophy, and in some of the more distinguished of the Scotch moralists he has found able followers and exponents.

Of the beauties of an English park it is unnecessary to speak. The house is embattled, and has a stately aspect. It dates from 1650-1. In the pleasure gardens, which are admirably arranged, stands a grotto whose construction cost, it is said, £10,000. The cabbage was first grown in England at St. Giles' Park.

We now enter CRANBORNE (population of the parish, 2005. *Inn*: The Cross Keys), a small but ancient market town, of greater importance in the old posting days than now. A monastery was founded here in 980, to which the CHURCH—a curiously ancient building, mainly Transition-Norman and Early English—belonged. The town has given name to the uncultivated tract of land which stretches along the north-west boundaries of Dorsetshire and Wilts, and which, as late as the days of the Stuart kings, was overgrown with trees and underwood, and a favourite resort of the wild deer. From hence to the New Forest extended a vast sylvan region, where Nature reigned in almost primeval savageness. The estuary of Southampton Water

(s.w.)

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formed its eastern limit ; the Stour may be regarded as its western ; to the north it reached as high as Salisbury, where it was bounded by a range of bold and lofty hills of chalk.

Cranborne Chace reverted from the estate of Gloucester to the Crown, and by James I. was granted to the Earls of Pembroke, from whom it has passed to the Lords Rivers. Its forest growth is rapidly passing away, and large enclosures are yearly being effected ; but even in 1830 it was "inhabited" by nearly 11,000 deer, and divided into six "walks," each under the care of a keeper. Along the neighbouring hills ran the old British road or RIDGEWAY (compare "the Ridgeway" at Wimbledon, Surrey), and a "barrow" occasionally rewards the investigation of the curious tourist. For the artist there are many "nooks of greenery," and picturesque combinations of ancient trees, and leafy landscapes of a romantic character, which, in a few years' time, will live only on his magic canvas.

After quitting Cranborne we plunge into a region of hill and dale—the wooded heights of the Chace rising at some distance on the left—and pass through a countryside dotted with farms and wayside cottages, but absolutely unoccupied by any large or busy settlement, until SALISBURY (11 miles) itself is gained. At 7 miles from Cranborne we cross the line of the GRIMS-DITCH, or GRIMS-DYKE, already referred to ; the entrenched height of CHABURY rising abruptly in the east, and the long range of the Wiltshire hills running from east to west, before us. Still following the course of the pleasant Avon, we pass, in succession, on our right, LONGFORD CASTLE (Earl of Radnor) and its charming grounds, and BRITFORD (population, 604), $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Salisbury, on one of the numerous branches into which the Avon here divides. On our left lies NUNTON (population, 276), 2 miles from the cathedral city.

BRANCH ROUTE—WIMBORNE to BLANDFORD.

Few pleasanter roads may be found in England than that from Wimborne to KINGSTON LACY—the first point of interest

on the route to Blandford. It is bordered by tall, leafy, and vigorous elms, through whose branches the most delightful vistas imaginable are opened up of the winding Stour on the left, and the green hills which rise beyond the Allen on the right, like a cloud-crowned and apparently impenetrable barrier. COLE HILL, on the east, is notably conspicuous. Fair green meadows and smiling uplands stretch away on either side of the fertile valley through which the wayfarer pursues his leisurely pilgrimage.

At 2½ miles we come upon the leafy masses of KINGSTON LACY (Mrs. Bankes), which skirt our road for full six furlongs, and while hiding from our view its old and stately mansion, fling the most delicious shadows across the crisp green sward, and present at sunset a peculiarly interesting alternation of Turner-like colourings. Kingston (Konig's or King's town) formerly belonged to the Norman Lacy's, but has been in the possession of the Bankes family for many centuries. The house, originally built by Sir Ralph Bankes in 1663, was restored by Sir Charles Barry, during the lifetime of the late Right Hon. George Bankes, and retains an imposing air of almost feudal grandeur. Its PICTURE GALLERY boasts of a fine collection of the *chef's d'œuvres* of the British and Foreign masters. Observe—

[By Sir Peter Lely—Portraits of Betterton, in the character of “Tamerlane”; Sir Ralph Bankes, Lady Jenkinson, Lady Cullen, Mrs. Gillies, and Mrs. Middleton.

By Gainsborough—The great Earl of Clarendon; Sir John Bankes, L. C. J.; the famous James, Duke of Ormond, one of the most loyal and chivalric of the adherents of the Stuarts (died at Kingston Lacy, 1688—see Macaulay's eloquent sketch of his character); and the Duke of Gloucester, son of George II.

By Vandick—Richard Weston, Earl of Portland; Sir John and Lady Borlase; Princes Rupert and Maurice; Princess, afterwards Queen, Mary II.; James II. (when Duke of York); Charles II. (as Prince of Wales); Henrietta Maria; and Charles I.

By Velasques—Cardinal Borgia, Archbishop of Seville; Philip IV.; and Philip IV.'s children, with the figure of the Artist in the background.

By Murillo—Santa Rosa and the Infant Jesus.

By Morales—Christ being scourged.

By Orentes—Moses and the Burning Bush; David and the Lion.

By Rebatta—Virgin and Child, with Angels surrounding them.

By Rafaello—Virgin and Child, with St. John. Brought from the Escorial for Charles I., whose private mark it bears.

Here, too, are specimens of Greuze, Lawrence, Cornelius Jansen, Giorgione, Rubens, Zurbaran, and Spagnolotto. The key and governor's seal of Corfe Castle are preserved among the heirlooms of the family.]

On our right, 1 mile beyond, rises distinct and conspicuous, the fir-crowned height of BODBURY (*bod*, a dwelling), or BADBURY

RINGS,—a British camp, though probably made use of in turn by Roman and Saxon, and commanding the great highway to Sorbiodunum (Old Sarum). The view of sea, and cliff, and hill, and glen, of deep obscure grove and gleaming river, which may be obtained from this natural watch-tower, is one of great and varied beauty. The camp is formed of a triple vallum and fosse, —the exterior one being 1738 yards in circuit. Here Edward the Elder stationed his forces when the rebel Ethelwald seized and occupied Wimborne; and the said Ethelwald “obstructed all the approaches to him, and vowed that he would do one of two things,—or there live, or there die. But notwithstanding that oath of his, he stole away by night, and sought the army [Danes and Mercians] in Northumbria”—(*Saxon Chronicle*, A.D. 901.)

Keeping along the hills which overlook a succession of bold and striking landscapes, we next arrive at TARRANT CRAWFORD (population, 77), 1 mile left, the birthplace of Bishop Poore, the builder of Salisbury Cathedral; while on the right rises the swelling barrow-dotted tract of BLANDFORD Down. To the left lies TARRANT KEYNESTON (population, 321), a picturesque village with a pretty church; and passing the pleasant shades of ASHLEY Wood, right, and the camp-planted hill of BUSBURY; passing MONKTON Down, and the BLANDFORD RACE-COURSE, left, and LANGTON LONG (population 183), and LANGTON HOUSE (— Farquharson, Esq.), about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles right, we reach Blandford at 12 miles from Wimborne.

[The lower or new road traverses the valley of the Stour, and passes through a less romantic country than the hill route which we have just described. The first object of interest is MERLY HOUSE, and next, at the junction of the Poole road, we reach CORFE MULLEN (population, 763), where the CHURCH is probably worth examination. KNOWLE COURT (W. Lambert, Esq.) stands on our left. Soon afterwards HENBURY HILL (*Hen*, old, and *byrig*, an enclosure) rises into view; and next we come to the point of divergence of the *direct* Poole road. STURMINSTER MARSHALL (population, 872) is a large and considerable village, with a goodly Early English CHURCH, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east on the Wareham road is situated CHARLBOROUGH PARK (W. Erle Drax, Esq.).—*Charl*, i.e., *ceorl*, husbandman,—the old manorial seat of the Erle family; “a very knightly and ancient family, which held large lands in Somersetshire on the tenure of pouring water into the king’s hands on Easter and Christmas days,” and which is now represented by the Right Hon. Sir William Erle, the distinguished Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and his brothers. The house has no considerable architectural pretensions, but the grounds are delightfully arranged. Upon an artificial mound in the Park is raised an obelisk, which, to all the countryside, becomes a conspicuous landmark, and perpetuates the remembrance of the secret council held in a small adjacent building in 1686, when the great whig lords determined to invite the aid of William of Orange.

Returning from our “diversion” into the high road, we reach, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from

Blandford, the British entrenchment called SPETTISBURY RINGS, and by way of CHARLTON MARSHALL (population, 463), a small and uninteresting village, pass into BLANDFORD ST. MARY (population, 367), the birthplace of the laborious antiquary Browne Willis. Blandford now lies in the valley beneath us, 1 mile north-east. The tree-covered uplands of BRYANSTONE PARK (Lord Portman), and the winding reaches of the silver Stour, lend a peculiar grace and beauty to the picture now brightening before the tourist's gaze.]

BLANDFORD (population, 1536). *Inn*: The Crown. *Bankers*: National Provincial, and Wiltshire and Dorsetshire Banking Company), 103 miles from London, and 11 miles from Wimborne, is one of the airiest and pleasantest of towns, stretching up a gently-swelling hill, whose base is watered by the Stour. The town was burnt to the ground in 1731, but has risen from its ashes repurified, and greatly enriched and embellished. Its main streets are Salisbury and East Streets,—the former running north and south, the latter west and east,—both meet in a large open market place, which is agreeably bounded, eastward, by the fences and fine old trees of BRYANSTONE PARK. The houses, of red brick, are of good proportions, and have high-pitched roofs and ornamented fronts. The town is well-paved and lighted, and, altogether, is one of the best in Dorsetshire.

Its church, classical in style, was built in 1731. It is dedicated to St. Mary; has a tower 80 feet high; and is 120 feet long. Under an adjoining portico stands a pump erected by John Bastard in 1760, and designed (as an inscription tells us) to commemorate the fire of 1731, and to guard against the recurrence of a similar catastrophe.

Christopher Pitt, the translator of "The *Aeneid*," and of Vida's "Ars Poetica," was born at Blandford in 1699, and lies buried in Blandford Church, with a simple epitaph inscribed upon his tomb:—"In memory of Christopher Pitt, Clerk, M.A.; very eminent for his talents in poetry, and yet more for the universal candour of his mind, and the primitive simplicity of his manners. He lived innocent, and died beloved, April 13, 1748, aged 48." Creech, the translator of "Lucretius,"—

"Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech"—(Pope),

and Archbishop Wake (of Canterbury) were also natives.

BRYANSTONE HOUSE (Lord Portman), erected by Wyatt, stands upon rising ground in a beautiful and richly-wooded park, which is watered by the Stour. Sir William Portman became possessed of the estate in the reign of Charles II.

Of DAMOREY COURT (west of the town) the remains have been embodied in a farm-house. It derives its name from Roger d'Amorie, constable of Corfe Castle, who erected it, *temp.* Edward II. An old chapel, Early English, dedicated to St. Leonard, is now used as a barn. The famous DAMOREY'S OAK, 68 feet in girth, was felled in 1755.

MILTON ABBEY (Baron Hambro) lies 7 miles south-west ; Hod Hill, and its camp, 3 miles north-west ; HAMILTON HILL, also entrenched, faces Hod Hill, on the north, and a narrow defile runs between them ; BADBURY (the Roman Vinadocladia), 6 miles south-east. The hill road from Blandford to Shaftesbury furnishes a succession of agreeable landscapes.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—WIMBORNE (BY RAIL) TO WAREHAM.

The railway from Wimborne to the Poole Junction Station (6 miles) runs through a country of little interest—broad bleak heaths skirting it on either side. After passing MERLY HOUSE, on the right, it crosses the Blackwater, and about a mile further, the old Poole road. It then approaches, with an abrupt curve, the shore of HOLES BAY, and keeping near it, leaves, on the right, the notable landmark of LYTCET BEACON, crossing, just beyond, the direct road to Poole. Into the tongue of land which projects between Holes and Lytchet Bays it strikes in a direct line, and throwing out a short branch to Poole (1½ mile), turns suddenly westward ; crosses, on a long bold viaduct of timber, the waters of Lytchet Bay (observe LYTCET MINSTER (Sir J. Scott), 1½ mile, right), and “hugs” the shore very closely until within a couple of miles of Wareham.

At WAREHAM (population, 6532. *Inns* : Red Lion, Bear. *Bankers* : National Provincial. *Market-days* : Tuesday and Saturday) we are 125 miles by rail from London ; 7 miles by rail from Poole ; 5 miles from Corfe Castle ; and 15 miles from Dorchester.

WAREHAM (*i.e.*, Varia-ham, from Varia, the ancient name of the Frome) stands upon a slight ascent between the rivers Frome and Piddle (Ang. Sax., *pidl*, a thin stream), and is still partly sur-

rounded by a rampart of earth, in evidence of its great antiquity. This rampart or *vallum* is about 30 feet in height, and of remarkably massive construction. Long reaches of garden ground now intervene between it on the east, and the houses of Wareham, marking the area covered by the venerable town in the days when knights rode in armour through its streets, and jerkined burghers boasted of its privileges. From this point a fine view of the Dorsetshire hills to the north, and the conical crests of the Purbeck range to the south, is enjoyable.

Below the town runs the **FROME** ; flowing in an eastward direction into the branch of the great Poole estuary called **WAREHAM HARBOUR**, now choked up and inaccessible to all but boats of the smallest burthen. A salmon-fishery is maintained in the river. The **PIDDLE** runs from the north-east into the same bay, giving name to the villages of Aff-Piddle, Piddle-trouthide, and Turners-Piddle. Wild heaths spread around it in a very sombre and desolate manner, and in the distance, the everlasting hills lift up their verdurous crowns, rejoicing in the bounty of the heavens.

Above the Frome, a small ascent is known as the **CASTLE CLOSE**, indicating the ancient site of **WAREHAM CASTLE**, though not a stone now remains to tell of the old feudal stronghold which the Normans built ; which Robert, Earl of Lincoln, seized, in 1138, for the Empress Maud ; and which King Stephen burnt to the ground in 1142. Wareham could formerly boast of *eight* churches, but only *four* are now extant, and of these, one—**ST. PETER'S**—is made use of as a guildhall and school-house. In **ST. MARY'S** is buried its former rector—the erudite historian of Dorsetshire—the Rev. John Hutchins. Its antiquity is undoubted ; but its interest is inconsiderable. The south aisle is traditionally said to have been the mortuary-chapel of some of our Saxon kings, but its architecture seems Norman. **ST. MARTIN'S** is now the chapel of the Wareham cemetery ; and the church of the **HOLY TRINITY** is turned into a national school-house.

Wareham was plundered by the Danes in 876, but Alfred brought up his forces against them, and they swore “ upon the holy ring ” that they would speedily depart from the kingdom. The unscrupulous Norsemen appear, however, to have held the town until the following year, when—we learn from the *Saxon Chronicle*—they marched “ from Wareham upon Exeter, and the fleet sailed round westwards, but being overtaken by a terrible

storm, one hundred and twenty of their galleys were wrecked at *Swanwich*."

Wareham suffered severely during the wars of King Stephen and the Empress Maud, in whose hands, after several changes, it remained until peace was made. At this port, Henry II. embarked in 1156, and King John landed in 1205; while here, unhappy Peter of Pomfret, who had rashly predicted the latter's surrender of his crown, was cruelly hanged. The town declared for the Parliament in the Civil War, though on more than one occasion it was captured by the Cavaliers. In 1762, it was partly burnt to the ground, through the folly of a townsman, who flung some red hot ashes into the street. It returns one member (J. S. W. S. Erle Drax, Esq.) to Parliament.

George Chapman, the poet, whose translation of "Homer" rings with so true a music,—

" Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold"—(*Keats*.)

was, according to some authorities, a native of Wareham (1557-1634); and here, too, was born that wittiest of letter-writers, *Horace Walpole* (1717-97).

In the neighbourhood of Wareham are some extensive beds of tobacco-pipe clay, of which nearly 10,000 tons are annually excavated. The mines are, in many instances, 170 to 200 feet in depth. Some portions of the old Roman road which ran from hence to Dorchester may yet be traced.

BRANCH ROUTE—WAREHAM to CORFE CASTLE, 4½ Miles.

Through a narrow gap in a lofty wall of chalk which stretches from the Foreland, east, to Gad Cliff, west, and cuts off the Isle of Purbeck from the mainland, runs the Wareham Road, penetrating as far as KINGSTON, and ENCOMBE HOUSE (Lord Eldon). This defile is commanded by CORFE CASTLE, which has been said, therefore, in figurative language, "to hold the keys of the island." It stands upon an isolated hill, like some majestic and venerable warder, keeping silent guard over the treasures of the past, and for many a mile around attracts the wondering eye of wayfarer and peasant. Its story has been fully told by the late

Right Hon. William Bankes, in an elaborate and portly volume, but we are here necessarily confined to the scantiest possible abridgment.

Corfe Castle was founded, it is supposed, by King Edgar, but of the Saxon stronghold we fancy but little can now remain. It was, however, at the gate of King Edgar's fortress that Edward, surnamed the Martyr, was murdered by his stepmother, Queen Elfrida, who plunged a dagger into his back, even while he paused on his horse to pledge her health in "a stirrup-cup." (A.D. 978). "There has not been, mid Angles," exclaims the old Saxon chronicler, "a worse deed done than this, since first they sought the Briton-land. Men murdered him, but God glorified him. In life he was but an earthly king ; he is now, since death, a heavenly saint. They who would not erewhile bow down to his living body, now bend humbly on their knees before his dead bones." The Martyr was buried at Wareham, but without regal honours.

At a later date, Corfe became the dreary prison of Peter the Hermit, that wild and courageous enthusiast ; and Edward II. was, for a time, confined within its walls (A.D. 1327). Here the cruel and tiger-like John, imprisoned, and starved to death, twenty-two of the nobles of Poitou and Anjou, and here he concealed his regalia during his struggle with the barons. Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon her dancing Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton ; by whose representatives it was sold, in 1635, to Sir John Bankes, then attorney-general to Charles I., and in the Bankes family it still remains. During the civil war it was gallantly defended by Lady Bankes—one of the most heroic of the many heroic women who graced that stormy period—against a large body of Parliamentarians, though her garrison consisted of only five men and her waiting-woman. During the absence of her husband, Sir John Bankes, at York, whither he had been summoned by the king, Lady Bankes had retired to the Castle for security (A.D. 1643). Upon May-day, when the usual stag-hunt took place in the neighbouring forest, the Roundheads attempted to gain possession of it by surprise, but Lady Bankes received notice of their designs in time to shut the gates. A body of sailors was then despatched from Poole to demand the surrender of the ordnance planted on its walls. But Lady Bankes and her garrison contrived to mount and load one of the heavy guns, and replied to their demands in such effective terms as sent

them back in all haste to Poole. But being without provisions and stores, she feigned a willingness to surrender, while she communicated with Prince Maurice, who was then at Blandford, and begged immediate assistance. Captain Lawrence was despatched to her aid, and soon had to contend with a formidable force. Cavalry, infantry, and sailors, under the command of Sir Walter Erle, obtained possession of Corfe, and surrounding the Castle on all sides, advanced to the assault, well primed with strong liquors, and carrying wild-fire, petards, and hand-grenades. They were met, however, with so fierce a fire of musketry, with such avalanches of stones, and red hot cinders, that they were quickly compelled to beat an ignominious retreat.

In 1646, the Castle was again besieged, and through the treachery of Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, surrendered to the Parliament. It was then blown up by gunpowder, and hurled into ruins, which now remain in melancholy grandeur to attract the curious visitor. So powerful was the explosion, that, at the entrance of the second ward, several huge masses of stone work, 12 feet thick, were flung forward 4 feet 9 inches out of the perpendicular.

The ruins are reached by a four-arched bridge of stone, which spans a deep moat. You next enter a strong gateway, flanked by two stout circular towers, and grooved for four portcullises. The first ward then opens before you—a broad stretch of fresh green turf, circled by a riven and shattered wall. Climbing a bold ascent to the fosse which protects the second ward, you cross it, and pass into the inner area, through another round-towered gateway, where ample evidences exist of the destruction effected by the Parliamentarian powder. One tower has been moved down the hill 9 feet from its original position ; bastions and buttresses, now overgrown with ivy, have been hurled upon the sward. It was here, according to tradition, Queen Elfrida murdered her royal step-son. The KEEP, or KING'S TOWER, which rises in the fourth ward to the height of 80 feet, presents from this point a remarkable aspect. The archaeologist will find around him an interesting series of architectural studies, from Norman to the later Tudor ; and the artist may pick out several romantic “bits” with which to adorn his sketch-book.

From the storied ruins of Corfe Castle we descend into the quiet little town of CORFE (population, 396), mainly consisting

of one long street of stone-built houses. Either at the *Ship* or *Castle Inns* the tourist will obtain comfortable accommodation. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Edward the Martyr, is well worth examination. Its nave is partly Norman. The western tower, embattled, has a massive and stately character.

The geological features and points of interest presented by the Isle of Purbeck have been already described (see pp. 22, 23).

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—WAREHAM to DORCHESTER, 15 Miles.

The railway, after passing to the north of the town of Wareham, crosses the two branches of the river Piddle (or Trent), and, shortly afterwards, the Wareham and Dorchester road. Again it enters upon a region of wild uncultivated heaths, until, descending into the valley of the Frome, it passes some pleasant farms, a pretty village or two, and approaches, at EAST STOKE (population, 630), close to the river bank. About a mile farther we sweep past the ruins (on the left) of BINDON ABBEY, a Cistercian house, founded by Roger de Newburgh in 1172. At the Dissolution it was granted to Thomas Lord Poynings, from whose representatives it passed to the Earl of Suffolk, who sold it to an ancestor of its present proprietor, Joseph Wild, Esq. of Lulworth Castle. The foundation-walls of the Abbey-church exist, and in the Early English chancel—whose tessellated pavement is protected by a layer of turf—lies the grave-slab of one of its abbots. The fish-ponds of the good monks, and the pleasant avenues which they cut through the embowering foliage, should be visited by the tourist.

We now cross the Frome, and arrive at the WOOL STATION, 130 miles from London. WOOL (population, 545) lies close to the railway on our left, with a rustic bridge across the Frome, a pretty church, and an infinity of pleasant walks and delectable prospects all around it. COMBE KEYNES (population, 154) is situated in the valley 2 miles south-west. LULWORTH and its CASTLE are 4 miles south. WEST LULWORTH and LULWORTH COVE about 7 miles south-west. From Wool, across heaths and hills, to BERE REGIS, is a delightful ramble.

About $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Wool we pause at the Moreton Station—passing on our way MORETON PARK (—Frampton, Esq.), a richly wooded demesne, watered by a branch of the Frome. Its obelisk is plainly visible from the line. MORETON (population, 227), and its Early English CHURCH, are placed at the north-west extremity of the park, on the road to WOODSFORD (population, 183), which lies about 1 mile right of the railway, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile north-west of the Moreton Station. At 133 miles from London we pass, right, WEST STAFFORD (population, 229), close to the line, and left, WEST KINGTON, 1 mile (population, 270), quiet, old-world places, which possess little interest for the tourist, and seem half a century behind the more bustling districts of Railway-England.

Once more crossing the Frome, and leaving behind us, over the heath, STINSFORD (population, 373) and STINSFORD HOUSE, right, and WHITCOMB (population, 61), on the main road, left, we run past Conygore Hill into the famous old city of Dorchester. The city lies to the right, and its celebrated Roman amphitheatre to the left, of the station. To enter Dorchester from the railway the tourist, therefore, must follow in the line of the old Roman road from Weymouth.

DORCHESTER.

[*Hotels*: Antelope, King's Arms, etc.

140 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. by rail, and 119 m. by road, from London; 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Southampton; 18 m. from Wareham; 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Weymouth; 21 m. from Axminster; 19 m. from Yeovil; 22 m. from Chard; 24 m. from Ilchester; 4 m. from Knighton; 8 m. from Sherborne; 8 m. from Maiden Newton; 6 m. from Portisham; 18 m. from Maiden Castle; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Stinsford; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Piddletown; and 5 m. from Woodsford.

~~125~~ OMNIBUSES to Bridport, Lyme, Axminster, Exeter, Bridport, etc.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Williams & Co.; Messrs. Elliot, Pearce, and Elliot; and the Wilts and Dorset Banking Company.

MARKET-DAYS.—Wednesday and Saturday. POPULATION, 7000.]

Dorchester is the county-town of Dorsetshire, and a parliamentary borough, returning two representatives (R. B. Sheridan, Esq., and Captain Street).

“It is one of those nice comely old towns,” says Mr. Thorne, “with a goodly avenue (South Street) running through them

from north to south, and another (High Street) from east to west, the two meeting in the centre of the town, near the town-hall, the principal church, and other buildings. These four approaches to Dorchester are among the finest kind of our public roads, lined with trees on both sides to a great distance from the town, and thereby forming lines of communication which catch the eye from afar, when the roads themselves would not otherwise be visible." The town is situated on a hill, which declines greatly to the bank of the Frome, and stretches southward into a fair and open country. On the south and west sides runs a rampart, now planted with limes, sycamores, and chestnuts. To the southwest lies the suburb of FORDINGHAM, the property of the Duchy of Cornwall, and consisting of 3400 acres, which anciently formed one wide and unenclosed tract of arable land. West of the town, overhanging the railway, rises the entrenched height of Poundbury, and beyond Fordington Field, the remarkable fortification of Maiden Castle. A direct line of road runs from Weymouth, in the line of the Icknield Street, or *Via Iceniana*, through the town, to Sherborne, whence it pushed onward to Bristol.

Such is a general outline of the plan and position of Dorchester. In interesting public edifices it is by no means rich. It has three churches: 1. ST PETER'S, with a turreted and battlemented tower, 90 feet high; a brass to *Joan de St. Omer*, d. 1436, and memorials to two mailed Crusaders—Lord *Holles* of Ifield, and Sir *John Williams* of Harrington, d. 1628. Its Norman porch is worth examination; the whole building has been well restored. 2. ALL SAINTS', Early Decorated, rebuilt in 1845, has some good painted glass, and a richly blazoned eastern window, the gift of the late Bishop of Salisbury. 3. HOLY TRINITY Church was rebuilt in 1824.—Of its municipal buildings, the GUILDHALL, Elizabethan in style, is the most important. It was erected, in 1847, from the designs of Mr. B. Ferrey, and has a timber roof of remarkable pitch. The SHIRE-HALL was built by Hardwick; the HOSPITAL established in 1840. In the COUNTY MUSEUM, founded 1845, there is exhibited a choice cabinet of British and Roman relics. The GAOL was erected, from Blackburn's designs, in 1795, at an expense of £16,000. A geometrical tessellated pavement, discovered within the walls, now forms the floor of the prison chapel.

The history of Dorchester is briefly told. It is probably the Celtic *Dunium*, or *Durnovaria*, the principal settlement of the

Durotriges, which in due time became one of the most important Roman towns in the south of England. Its Roman conquerors fortified it, made a fine road through it, and built around it numerous goodly villas. During the troubles of the Saxon and Danish periods, it suffered terribly ; and, in 1003, was burnt to the ground. Still it had recovered so far as to possess 162 houses in the reign of Edward the Confessor, when another storm broke over it—that of the Norman Conquest—and only 88 houses survived its violence. It once more sprang up from its ruins ; a rich priory was founded within its walls, and a strong castle erected, which served either for its defence or intimidation, and of which many notable soldiers at different times held the governorship.

In 1595 the town was desolated by the plague ; in 1613, by a terrible fire. When the civil war broke out, the Parliament fortified it, but it was surrendered without a struggle to the Royalists, under the Earl of Carnarvon. It was then dismantled of its defences, and occupied in turn by Roundhead and Cavalier. Cromwell was forced to retire from it on the approach of "Dissolute Goring" (A.D. 1645). On September 3d and 4th 1685, Judge Jeffreys held here a "Bloody Assize," and sentenced without mercy the unfortunate adherents of Monmouth. "The court was hung, by his order, with scarlet ; and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumoured that, when the clergyman who preached the assize sermon enforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious mouth of the judge was disturbed by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow. More than 300 prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy ; but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons, who put themselves on their country and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The remaining prisoners pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death. The whole number hanged in Dorsetshire amounted to seventy-four"—(*Macaulay*).

With reference to the later history of Dorchester, it is only necessary to note that its cloth manufactures, for which it was once famous, have dwindled into nothingness, and that it is now principally maintained as the centre of a large sheep-breeding and agricultural district. About 750,000 sheep are fed on the

neighbouring downs, and at its markets large quantities appear of Dorsetshire skim cheese and Dorset butter. It was once famous for its ale, and its inns still maintain their ancient reputation. It is also an important railway station, being the junction-point of the Great Western, and London and South-Western lines (Southampton and Dorchester, and Dorchester and Weymouth branches). The journey from London is now accomplished in four hours ; in 1739 the Dorchester stage occupied two days and a night !

The great historical interest of Dorchester centres in its BRITO-ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, south of the town ; POUNDBURY, west ; and MAIDEN CASTLE, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west. A few details will probably be acceptable to the tourist.

The AMPHITHEATRE (called MAEN- or MAUMBURY), first introduced to the notice of the public by Sir Christopher Wren, is supposed by some to have been founded during the rule of Agricola ; but Dr. Stukely considers it to have been formed by order of the Emperor Titus. On this point, however, there is no certain evidence. Both its slopes and area are now overgrown with long rank grass, but its outlines are plainly discernible. It is an oval, about 218 feet in its longest diameter, and 163 in its shortest. The centre is slightly sunk beneath the level of the surrounding plain ; the sides or walls, of chalk, are raised 30 feet above it. Externally, its dimensions are 343 feet by 339 feet, and so thick is its rampart on the east and west, that it is not improbable it there contained some secure receptacles for wild beasts—

“ Butchered to make a Roman holiday.”

The entrance is placed at the north-east angle, and leads to a species of pathway which ascends to the top of the superstructure. Beneath it there appears to have been a cavern, or subterraneous chamber. A terrace or passage commences near the entrance, and gradually rises until it reaches the central tier of seats, whence it descends to the opposite end of the oval. “ On the top of (what were once) the row of seats is a terrace, about 12 feet broad, divided from the seats by a parapet. Between this upper terrace and the middle terrace were rows of seats, excavated in the chalk, and appropriated to the humbler spectators ; while below the middle terrace were the seats for persons of higher rank ; and on a *podium*, or broad platform, immediately contiguous to the arena, were the seats for the senators and nobles”—(Thorne).

Twelve thousand persons could, from their various tiers of seats, have witnessed the savage sports enacted in the arena below—

“ And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.”—*Byron*.

Nearly as large a number thronged the grass-grown mounds when Mary Channing, in the centre of the area, was strangled and then burned for the murder of her husband (March 21, 1705). Once before a woman, one Jane Hall, had been cruelly put to death in the same manner, and on the same spot (December 31, 1660); but Mary Channing was the last person who underwent so barbarous a punishment in England.

From the Amphitheatre (past the BARRACKS, built by Fentiman, at a cost of £24,000) to POUNDBURY, is neither a long nor an uninteresting walk. Poundbury rises on the south bank of the Frome, a lofty and grassy mound, 400 feet from north to south, and 1000 feet from east to west. A raised earthwork encircles it, or rather encloses an irregular oblong area, which is slightly rounded off at the south-east and south-west angles. There are three small entrances at different points, but the principal entrance is on the east side. Nature has flung over it a rich garniture of herb, grass, and wildling, and it seems to have borne unchanged the storms of centuries. What its uses, who shall say? Camden says it is a camp constructed by the Danes when, under the leadership of King Sweyn, they besieged Dorchester (*circa* 1003). But would they have needed so massive and formidable an entrenchment? Enough for us that it is curious in its antiquity, and that it commands a very fine and extensive prospect.

To MAIDEN CASTLE—“ Mew Dun,” the great hill—the path lies across the fields, and there is no difficulty in finding it, so conspicuous is it from its elevation and unusual dimensions.

MAIDEN CASTLE is one of the largest earthworks in England. A double fosse and rampart—in some places treble, and the inner walls of remarkable height, even as much as 60 feet—enclose an area of 44 acres, while altogether the camp covers about 160. There are two entrances—one on the east, the other on the west, and both protected by numerous ditches and ramparts. The inner area is divided by a low ditch, which runs across it

from north to south, and near its southern extremity is the opening to a partially filled-up cave, which communicated, it is supposed, with the stream below.

Antiquarians and topographers differ respecting the origin of this remarkable camp. We may fairly assume that it is British in its origin, and formed by the partial excavation of a commanding height, but that it was used, at a later period, by the Romans, as the *castra aestiva* of the troops stationed at Dorchester.

[**HINTS FOR RAMBLES.**—1. The first “tour” in the neighbourhood will be, without doubt, to Weymouth, and the tourist should *walk* there ($8\frac{1}{2}$ miles), returning by rail. The road and the rail run very closely together, intersecting each other three times. The numerous *barrows* on the hills around will surely attract the tourist's attention. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dorchester, on the right, and at the foot of Maiden Castle, lies MONKTON (population, 400), a quiet and pleasant village, which, however, need not draw us aside from our route. Descending the hills, we may see, on the left, the camp-crowned chalk-down of CHALSBURY, while, on our right, lies URGWY ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dorchester), at the head of a branch of the river Wey. Half a mile farther, and we enter the village of BROADWAY, from whence into Weymouth is about a three miles' walk. 2. Leaving Dorchester by the eastern road, we may strike through the fields to PIDDLETOWN (see *post*), $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, descend into WOODFORD, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and, entering the valley of the Frome, return, by way of West Stafford, into the Wareham road, and so into Dorchester, 5 miles. 3. To CHARMINSTER, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and thence along the hills to CERNE ABBAS, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The tourist may then cross to MAIDEN NEWTON, 7 miles, and return by the Great Western Railway to Dorchester, 9 miles. 4. The ramble to ARBOTSURY, 8 miles, is one of great interest, and opens up a succession of bold land and sea views. The return home should be made by way of PORTISHAM, 2 miles, into Dorchester, 6 miles.]

BRANCH ROUTE—DORCHESTER to BLANDFORD, 17 Miles.

The road crosses the two branches of the Frome, and then ascends the chalk-hills to PIDDLETOWN (population, 390), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, whose CHURCH is of some antiquity (1505), containing a few knightly memorials, and a brass to *C. Martin*, d. 1524. The village takes its name from the Piddle, which flows from hence by Wareham into Poole harbour.

The hamlet of TROY TOWN which we pass on our road reminds us of the curious *micromazes*, or labyrinths, which our Celtic ancestors delighted in, and whose uses it is now impossible to ascertain. Probably they were the scene of some public spectacle or national game. They derive their name from the Armorico word *troi*, or winding, and not from that Homeric city which, (a.w.)

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according to garrulous old Geoffrey of Monmouth, sent forth the first colonists of “the land of tin.”

The masses of foliage rising south of Piddletown belong to ILSINGTON WOOD.

The road now follows the course of the Piddle—or Trent, as it is sometimes called—crossing its two streams at the village of BURLESTON (population, 71), 1 mile. Just beyond, on the left, stands DEWLISH HOUSE (General Michel), while at some distance, on the right, rises the camp-crowned and fir-planted height of WEATHERBURY CASTLE, now distinguished by an obelisk,—another of those ancient entrenchments which throng this part of England, so that the tourist traverses, as it were, a land of the dead, where the past is constantly recalled to his recollection by these weather-worn and time-scarred memorials.

The next village we arrive at rejoices in the euphonious name of TOLPIDDE (population, 354). Its CHURCH, a building of no particular interest, stands on the right of the road. On the lower road, across the river, stands AFFPIDDLE (population, 488). MILBOURNE ST. ANDREWS (population, 335), 8½ miles from Dorchester, is a pleasant town-like village, with a CHURCH dedicated to St. Andrew, a long straggling street of ordinary houses, and an *Inn*, The Royal Oak, which is famous as the half-way house between Dorchester and Blandford. From hence the pedestrian may diverge to BERE REGIS (population, 450). *Inns*: Drax's Arms, Royal Oak), an ancient Roman station, whose soldiers placed their summer camp on the neighbouring height of WOODBURY HILL, half a mile east. Bere Regis is a dull place enough except during Woodbury fair, which is held from September 18th to 24th on the green slopes of this pleasant ascent, and attracts large numbers of farmers to its show of South Down sheep, Dorsetshire cheese, and Dorsetshire butter. The camp on the summit must have been originally British, for the Romans never built a circular entrenchment. It is defended by a triple fosse and vallum.

To her palace at Bere Regis Queen Elfrida retreated after the murder of Edward the Martyr at Corfe Castle, and either the same, or a royal house of later erection was once occupied (*credere* tradition) by King John. In a field opposite the rustic CHURCH exist some traces of a building which the peasants declare to have

been the queen-murderess's palace. Numerous memorials in the church commemorate the Tubervilles, settled here since the Conquest.

At Bere Regis was born, in 1410, Cardinal Morton, Henry the Seventh's Lord Chancellor, and not one of the least able or most sumptuous of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

Returning to Milbourne we turn aside, on the left, to visit **MILTON ABBAS** (population, 915. *Inn* : The Hambro Arms), and **MILTON ABBEY**, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. A pleasant and leafy lane winds up a gentle slope to one of the prettiest of Dorsetshire villages. It was built by the first Earl of Dorchester, and consists of two rows of the neatest cottages imaginable, with thatched roofs and quaint lattices, lining each side of a well-kept road. In the distance rises a range of verdurous hills. Each cottage stands in an open plot of ground, where the leafy chestnut rears its thick branches, and flings its far-spreading shadow, and where many a favourite English flower delights the senses with its charming bloom and honest hearty fragrance. The neat village inn is situated at the end of "the street;" the almshouse and the fine old church stand in the centre opposite one another. No artist will omit to perpetuate in his sketch-book his visit to Milton Abbas.

On leaving the village we immediately descend into the deep shady hollow where **MILTON ABBEY** retires from the work-day world. Its park spreads up the hills on either side, but the house itself is situated in the vale—as calm and tranquil a spot as poet or philosopher could desire. Easily enough may the imagination re-people these silent shades with cowled monks winding through the trees in processional pomp, or sitting apart upon the crisp green sward, and musing—it may be—upon passions only half-subdued, upon crushed hopes, upon a weary manhood, upon the atonement rendered by a life of solitude and sacrifice, upon all they feared, and all they durst anticipate.

Milton Abbey was built here, in the shadow of the hills, by King Athelstan, and it thrrove mightily, through centuries of tumultuous change, until the unsparing hand of Henry VIII., Defender of the Faith, smote heavily upon it. Then its lands were given, for the certainly nominal consideration of £1000, to Sir John Tregonwell, who had acted as the King's proctor in the suit against Queen Catherine, and from the Tregonwells they passed to the Earls of Dorchester, and from the Earls of Dor-

chester to Lord Portarlington, and from the Lord Portarlington to Baron Hambro. The mansion was built by Sir William Chambers for the first Earl of Dorchester, who, at the same time, swept away the market-town of Milton, that he might turn its site into pleasure grounds, and planted the evicted inhabitants in his newly-erected village of Milton Abbas. It is a stately quadrangular building, with a central court ; and embodies the old monastic REFECTORY—a grand antique hall of noble proportions, whose walls are enriched with the scutcheons of the various patrons of the abbey, and whose roof, of Irish oak, is venerable with age. On the cornice, and on an oaken screen, now abominably be-daubed with paint and gold, may be observed the figures 1498. Remark the recess where the prior feasted in solitary state, and the sideboard gloriously carved with an animated picture of a stag hunt.

The ABBEY CHURCH, now used as a family chapel, stands south of the house. It is a cruciform building, dating from the reign of Edward II, but was despoiled of its nave at the epoch of the Dissolution. The REREDOS, built by T. Wilkin, vicar, in 1492—and long walled up to preserve it from iconoclastic rage—is divided into several richly canopied niches, and ornamented with some admirable carving. The three SEDILIA, on the south side of the choir, are of exquisite workmanship, and the carved stalls should be carefully examined. Beneath the organ gallery two ancient paintings of Athelstan and his Queen—the former exhibiting a model of the church to the abbot, and the latter holding a hawk which is destroying a small bird (is this a satirical allusion on the part of the artist ?)—will attract the visitor's attention. In the north transept a fine marble monument, by *Carlini*, commemorates Lord and Lady *Milton*, d. 1775 ; and a Purbeck marble tomb and brass, in the north aisle, are dedicated to Henry VIII.'s proctor, Sir *John Tregonwell*, d. 1565. The south window was designed by Pugin in 1849, and represents the tree of Jesse. On the south wall is pictured the rebus of the name *Milton* (a *mill* and a *tun*), and the date 1218. The font, of artificial stone, and of little artistic merit, was constructed in 1791.

[The excursion from this point may be extended to Bulbarrow, Rawisbury, and Nettlecombe Tout,—descending into Melcombe Bingham, and thence returning, by way of Milton Abbas, into the high road.

BULBARROW, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west, is a lofty elevation of the chalk, 927 feet above the sea. On the eastward ridge hangs the circular British camp of RAWISBURY,

defended by a double vallum and fossa. Keeping south-west, we next ascend the camp-crowned hill of NETTLECOMB TOUT—named, perhaps, in honour of the Celtic God of Death—THEUT AIR, synonymous with THEUT, the great Egyptian divinity. 1 mile south-east is MELCOMBE BINGHAM—i.e., the mill-valley belonging to the Bingham—*the birth-place of Sir Richard Bingham, a soldier of the Tudor days, whom Fuller eulogizes as fortis et felix in all his undertakings—and now the patrimonial seat of Colonel Bingham. There are some curious memorials in the old Church.]*

After quitting Milton Abbas, and regaining the main road, we pass, on our left, the grounds of WHATCOMB HOUSE (Mrs. Michel), and, between two conical grassy barrows, cross an ancient fosse or dyke upon Charlton Down. A mile and a half further and we enter BLANDFORD (see p. 53).

BRANCH ROUTE—DORCHESTER to LYME REGIS,
18 Miles.

We leave Dorchester by the elm-bordered avenue of the Roman road, the *Via Iceniana*; the crested hill of POUNDBURY rising on our right, and, on our left, across the open area of Fordington Field, MAIDEN CASTLE. We soon commence a gradual ascent, and in due time arrive at an elevation which overlooks a wide and remarkable prospect—the *tumuli* of our Celtic ancestors crowning every commanding eminence, and even dotting the surrounding plains. Leaving the Roman road on our right, and BLACK DOWN, 817 feet, with its memorial-column to Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy*—Nelson's Hardy—on our left, we penetrate into the pretty quiet village of WINTERBOURN ABBAS (population, 195). *Inn:* The Coach and Horses), deriving its name from a spring which rises only in the winter, that is, when a heavy descent of rain has overfilled the reservoirs concealed in the chalk, and compelled them to throw off their superabundant waters. A few paces to the left will conduct the tourist to the interesting Druidic memorial of the NINE, or rather EIGHT STONES, a circle, 28 feet in diameter, which is surely blighted by some potent spell, as no verdure will bloom within its limits. The largest of these cromlech-stones is 7 feet high, and 4 feet wide. The well-wooded grounds beyond enclose the commodious mansion of BRIDEHEAD (R. Williams, Esq.)

The road still keeps the crest of the chalk-hills, passing

* He was born at PORTISHAM, a village at the foot of the hill.

sundry villages perched up on the bleak breezy heights, and overlooking others which nestle away in sheltered coombes and leafy hollows. At LONG BREDY GATE (near "The Hut" *Inn*) a road crosses the downs through a romantic defile, and descends into the lowlands on either side. The path to the left leads through a romantic country to ABBOTSBURY (pp. 30, 31), whose earthworks are conspicuous enough from our present station, as well as the beacon upon Puncknoll Down.

[At SHIPTON BEACON (an ancient camp, protected by a low vallum and shallow fosse), the traveller will pause to survey the glorious panorama unrolled beneath him. Far away to the north-west tower the sister-hills of LEWESDON and PILLESDON, 934 feet (in nautical parlance, the "Cow and Calf"); to the south rises the curious elevation of HAMMERDON HILL, probably, from its name, associated with the ceremonies of the mystic worship of the Hammer-God, the Norseland THOR; EGGARDON HILL, with its extensive fortifications, starts up immediately at our right hand; and before us, fertile valleys and smiling plains extend into the heart of Somersetshire.

The camp upon EGGARDON HILL is one of great extent. Its area extends 20 acres. On the west side the vallum and fosse are tripled; on the other sides doubled, though on the south they are now almost indistinguishable. The hill is dotted with barrows.]

We now descend a long and gradual slope into BRIDPORT (p. 32); pass through the town, and climb up COLMER'S HILL; again descend to the village of CHIDIOCK (population, 884), long the manorial estate of a family of the same name; again we rise; again we descend, catching glimpses ever and anon of the gleaming waters of the distant sea, of the rolling lights and shadows of the inland pastures. MORCOMBE-LAKE and its gray old church, are perched upon a hill, like a watch-tower, while a range of heights—Golden Cap, Haddon Hill, Catherston, Coneygore, Conie Castle, and Lambert Castle—stretch in a bold and undulating sweep from left to right. Crossing this noble elevation we plunge, somewhat abruptly, into the Vale of Marshwood, watered by many streams, and diverging to the right, terminate our romantic ramble on the pleasant shore, at LYME REGIS (p. 35)—

"Where thou shalt see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself."

ROUTE III.—DORCHESTER to YEOVIL.

BY GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

[From Dorchester to Grimstone, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Maiden Newton, $8\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Evershot, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Yetminster, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Yeovil, 4 m.—122 m. from London.]

The route from Dorchester to Yeovil, by rail, does not exceed $20\frac{1}{4}$ miles, but comprehends a remarkable variety of landscapes ; while the hilly nature of the country, through which the line is carried, presents a succession of engineering difficulties triumphantly vanquished.

A tunnel passes through the entrenched hill of POUNDBURY, and shortly afterwards a longer tunnel carries us under the elevation of the RIDGEWAY. We then sweep over a broad stretch of meadowland, enlivened by the Frome—WOLVETON HALL (J. Henning, Esq.), lying among its ancestral trees, on the right ; and PENN HILL towering against the western sky, on the left. Wolveton Hall is a quaint Tudor mansion, built, *temp.* Henry VII., by Sir Thomas Trenchard. It stands on a gentle ascent against a background of wooded uplands. Philip, King of Castile, and Queen Joanna were entertained here (says the country-legend) by Sir Thomas, when driven by stress of weather into Weymouth harbour (January 1506). As an interpreter between himself and his royal guests Sir Thomas selected young John Russell, of Kingston Russell, who had travelled much in foreign lands, and resided for some months in Spain. So much to the satisfaction of the Castilian king did young Russell acquit himself that he took him in his train to London, and warmly commended him, as an able and zealous servant, to Henry VII. He was accordingly placed about the royal person, and gradually rose in favour with the crafty Tudor and his "burly son." Created Lord Russell, he shared in the vast plunder of the religious houses, and died in 1554, immensely rich, and the founder of a powerful English ducal-house. Thus the fortunes of the Dukes of Bedford may be indirectly traced to the gale of wind which drove a Spanish sovereign into Weymouth.

Approaching the GRIMSTONE STATION we notice, on our left, the village of FRAMPTON (population, 392), and the stately

front of **FRAMPTON COURT**, the pleasant seat of R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P. for Dorchester. We then pass through a tunnel, 600 yards long, excavated in the chalk, and after a run of 3 miles, arrive at **MAIDEN NEWTON** (population, 821), a quiet little town, with an ancient **CHURCH**, which lies in the heart of the chalk-hills,

“ Where simple nature reigns, and every view
Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
In boundless prospect,—yonder shagged with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks.”

Through a narrow valley meanders one of the tributaries of the Frome; cottages and farmsteads nestling on the grassy slopes which the bright river fertilizes and gladdens. Here, indeed, is *Old England*—the silent, tranquil, conservative rural life of the England of a century ago—for though the shrill whistle of the locomotive echoes among the reverberating downs, and its trail of fleecy vapour hovers above the valley, little influence has yet been exercised upon the simple manners and rude existence of the peasants. The farms here are few in number, and there is scant employment for the inhabitants but as shepherds on the neighbouring hills, whose sides are dotted with grazing sheep. A pilgrim might wander along their cloudy ridge, hour after hour, without any companion save the oppressive and almost palpable silence which reigns eternally on these lonesome heights.

BRANCH ROUTE—MAIDEN NEWTON to BRIDPORT,
 $9\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.

A short branch line connects Maiden Newton with Bridport, and, by thus uniting Yeovil and Bridport, completes the chain of railway communication between the Bristol and English channels. It passes through a country of comparatively little interest. On the left, about two miles south-west of Maiden Newton, and nearly 10 miles north-west of Bridport, lies **WYNFORD EAGLE** (population, 163), of some consideration as the birth-place of a great English physician, Dr. John Sydenham, *temp. Charles II.* **WYNFORD PARK** is the seat of Baron Wynford (created 1829). A small tributary of the Frome here meanders through the open leas.

There is a station at POORTON (population, 109), which is available for the inhabitants of BEAMINSTER. On the left rises the ancient hill of EGGARDON (p. 70). Near Bridport we pass, on our right, the village of ALLINGTON (population, 1748).

BRANCH ROUTE—MAIDEN NEWTON to AXMINSTER,
24 miles.

Our road at first runs in a north-westerly direction ; but when we reach the point of intersection of the Evershot road we turn to the left, and descend the hills to BEAMINSTER (population, 2832), locally pronounced Bemminster, a clean, airy town, seated upon the small stream of the Birt, which is made to contribute to its drainage. Beaminster was burnt to the ground in 1644, when Prince Maurice and the Royalists occupied it, through the carelessness of a drunken trooper. In 1684 and 1788 it also suffered severely from conflagrations. The CHURCH, mainly Early English, has an embattled tower, 98 feet high, and some memorials of the Strode family.

The principal *Inn* is named “The White Hart.” The market days are every Wednesday, and are notable for their show of Dorset cheese and dairy produce.

BROADWINDSOR, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles (population, 1516) is a pictur-esque situated village, of more than ordinary neatness. The vicarage was held from 1634 until about 1650 by quaint old *Thomas Fuller* (born 1608, died 1661), who finished here his “History of the Holy War.” The CHURCH remains in much the same condition as when its pulpit was occupied by the sage and witty author of “The Worthies.”

The road now takes the valley, and passes between the remarkable sister-hills of PILLESDON, left, and LEWESDON, right, two elevations of the greensand which, from a certain similarity of appearance, have been named by sailors “The Cow and the Calf.” LEWESDON HILL has been celebrated in very florid language by the Rev. William Crowe. On Pillesdon Pen exists an ancient oval camp, defended by a triple vallum and fosse. It is 934 feet above the sea-level, and the loftiest point in Dorsetshire. A local couplet runs,—

“ Friends as much akin,
As Lew'son Hill to Pil's'on Pen,—

and thus determines the pronunciation favoured in their vicinity.

[1 mile south of Beaminster, on the Bridport road, lies PARNHAM, the seat of Sir Henry Oglander, the lineal representative of an old Norman family originally seated at the Chateau d' Ollandres, near Valognes, in the Cotentin. Richard d' Ollandres followed William the Conqueror to England, and attended William Fitz-Osbert on his expedition into the Isle of Wight. He was rewarded for his services with the manor of Nunwell, which has remained with his descendants up to the present time.

Parnham passed from the Strodes to the Ollandres, by marriage, in 1764. The old Elizabethan mansion forms the termination of "a shady avenue, where noble elms abound," and is as picturesque a combination of gabled roofs, mullioned windows, and twisted chimney-shafts as artist could desire. The interior is admirably fitted up, and the hall, with its emblazoned panels, is a noteworthy apartment. Through the woods, in the rear of the house winds the silver Birt.]

Between Pillesdon Pen and Axminster the tourist will not meet with many objects of interest ; and, probably, will experience little regret, when, after his cheerless walk over the breezy downs, he descends into the sweet valley of the Axe, and at length arrives at AXMINSTER (population, 2562).

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—MAIDEN-NEWTON to YEOVIL.

After emerging from the HOLYWELL TUNNEL, pierced 200 yards in the greensand, we pass, at 2 miles from Newton, the village of RAMPISHAM (population, 412)—pronounced Ramsom—lying on our left, upon the slope of the chalk range. The CHURCH, Early English, stands on high ground, with a belt of leafy trees around it. The curiously carved base of a stone cross, and the step whereon the priest stood when addressing his flock, are still extant in the churchyard ;—of the sculpture the traces are almost indistinguishable, but it represented, we are told, the martyrdoms of St. Stephen, St. Edmund, and St. Thomas à Becket, while the corners were occupied with less intelligible designs. Whole-length figures of monks, fools, knights, and St. Peter (whose emblematical cock flapped its wings on a column near him), ornamented the projecting ends of the panels.

EVERSHTON (population, 606), the next station, is intended, we presume, for the accommodation of the sheep-graziers and dairywomen of the adjacent hills. Close adjoining are the fine old trees,—the magnificent double avenue of sycamores, and the

leafy bowers of chestnut, lime, and oak—of MELBURY PARK, the ancestral seat of the Earl of Ilchester. The house, looking very imposing with its Corinthian pilasters, is shewn to strangers when the Earl and his family are absent ; it stands on an ascent, from which the blossomy sward slides downward to the marge of an exquisitely shady pool, where the snow-white buds of the water-crowfoot are flung in beautiful profusion. The CHURCH of MELBURY SAMPFORD (population, 55) raises its pinnacled tower on the south side of the mansion, and enshrines the dust of many of the Strangeways, ancestors of the present Earl. A fine monument, with effigies in alabaster, commemorates *Egidius Strangewaies*, and *Dorothea* his wife. A brass is inscribed to Sir *Giles* (or *Egidius*) *Strangeways*, d. 1526. Some later tablets are dedicated to various members of the Ilchester family.

Two roads cross the Park, one to Evershot, and another to the picturesque village of MELBURY OSMUND (population, 364). Several drives ascend the tree-crowned hill of BUBB DOWN, which affords to the spectator a delightful panorama of woodland and hilly scenery. Exquisite little dells, brimming over with ferns, grasses, and wild blossoms ; clear, fresh brooks winding leisurely through grassy meads ; knolls tipped with venerable oaks or far-spreading sycamores ; avenues of glorious trees, hoar with the storms of centuries ; broad sweeps of the most delicious sward ; —the beauties of Melbury are almost inexhaustible !

Bubb Down is visible from the line as we proceed towards Yetminster. To the left spreads a wide tract of purple heath and dark green gorse. From a deep cutting we emerge upon the Yetminster station, 4½ miles from Evershot, and close to the village of YETMINSTER (population, 666), where stands a gray old CHURCH, containing a good brass to Sir *John Horsey* and his wife, d. 1531.

[The Horseys were an old Dorsetshire family long settled at MELCOMBE-HORSEY (population, 191)—i. e., the mill-valley of the Horseys—near Dorchester. Of this family the most famous was Sir *Edward Horsey*, a bold, rough, and somewhat unprincipled Elizabethan adventurer, who enjoyed the favour and confidence of the Earl of Leicester, and was present at his secret marriage with the Lady Douglas Sheffield. He was governor of the Isle of Wight from 1565 until 1582, when he died of the plague at Haseley, near Newport. His monument is now preserved in the new church of St. Thomas à Becket at Newport.]

At 6 miles beyond Yetminster we cross the boundaries of

Somersetshire, and in due time arrive at YEOVIL (population, 7751. *Inns*: The Mermaid, and the Three Choughs. *Bankers*, Streckey and Co., and Wilts and Dorset Co. *Market-day*, Friday), 117 miles from London, 19 miles from Dorchester, 4 miles from Sherborne, 14 miles from Ilminster, and 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Chard. Yeo-vil, the ville or town on the Yeo, has considerable manufactures of cloth and leather gloves, and a busy trade in hemp and flax. It is situated on the slope of a hill, and its clean streets descend gradually towards the river. Many of the houses are built of stone, and have a very good and well-to-do appearance. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. John, is a graceful structure, with an embattled tower 90 feet high; the styles adopted are mainly Early English and Perpendicular. A new CHURCH, Early English, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and built in 1844-6, is one of Mr. Ferrey's elegant conceptions. In the vicinity of Yeovil there is much to interest the tourist.

ROUTE IV.—YEOVIL to SALISBURY—by ROAD.

[Sherborne, 5 m. ; Milborne Port, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Hensbridge Ash, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. for Stallbridge, 2 m. ; Shaftesbury, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Salisbury, 17 m. ; 82 m. from London.]

After crossing the meadow-bordered Yeo, we climb the steep ascent of Babylon Hill—from whose summit a pleasant view of Yeovil and its vale is commanded—and pause for a moment at the HALFWAY HOUSE. A road on the left leads, “under the shade of melancholy boughs,” to TRENT HOUSE, now a commodious grange, but originally a manorial mansion of some consideration, where Charles II., after his escape from Worcester field, lay hidden for about a fortnight. The royal bedchamber is still shewn. A monument to his host and protector, Colonel Sir F. Wyndham, is placed in TRENT CHURCH, a beautiful and ancient edifice, which of itself will amply repay the tourist for his divergence from our main route. The enrichments and sculptures of the Storke mortuary chapel (in the north aisle) should be carefully examined.

Descending into the valley of the Yeo we reach, at 5 miles from Yeovil, the agreeable town of

SHERBORNE—i.e., SCIR-BURNE, the CLEAR BROOK.

[Population, 5000.—*Inns*: The King's Arms, Angel, and Antelope.
~~Post~~ Coach to Yeovil, three times a day; to Salisbury, once a day; 5 m. from Yeovil, 5½ m. from Yeovil Railway Station; 117 m. from London; 18½ m. from Shaftesbury; 11 m. from Dorchester.

BANKERS—National Provincial, and Wilts and Dorset Co.

MARKET-DAYS, Thursday and Saturday.

The Sherborne Station (Yeovil and Salisbury line) is south of the town.]

Given a hill gently sloping towards a clear swift stream, and you may be sure that the Saxons would there create a town. They thus secured for themselves the advantages of an abundant supply of pure water, and a sort of natural drainage which was sufficient for their necessities, though it would hardly commend itself now-a-days to our sanitary reformers. Sherborne is seated on a declivity, watered by the Ivel or Yeo, which is borne 4 miles north of the town, at a glen called the **SEVEN SISTERS**—from the seven well-heads whence the bright stream issues. To the south rise the wooded uplands of Sherborne Castle; on the east and west run two ranges of hills, gradually converging towards the north; immediately around spread some fresh sweet meadows and blossom some leafy bowers.

In the days of the Saxons Sherborne was a town of considerable importance, and the seat—from 705 until 1076—of a bishopric, which included Dorsetshire, Wilts, Berks, Somersetshire, Devon, and Cornwall. An **ABBEY** was built here in 998, by Bishop Wulfsin, which occupied the site of an earlier cathedral-church, erected in the reign of Ina, king of the West Saxons. Both the town and the cathedral were burnt by Sweyn on his way from Exeter to Salisbury in 1003. The town was occupied by Colonel Popham and his Roundheads in 1643. Its cloth manufactures, and its position on the great western road from London to the Land's End, made it a thriving and prosperous place for many busy years, and it has suffered less than other towns from the removal of its cloth-manufacture and the decline of the posting traffic, through its adoption of button and lace-making, and silk-throwing. The latter trade keeps three factories, and upwards of 1100 hands employed.

Amongst the more distinguished of the Bishops of Sherborne we may particularize *Aldhelm*, d. 709, who did so much for the encouragement of church-music in England, and is characterized

by Bede as a man “wonderful for his ecclesiastical and general erudition ;” *Alfwold*, d. 978, buried in the minster at Sherborne ; *Asser*, d. 968, the friend and biographer of King Alfred ; *Wigbert*, who in 813 visited Rome, and appears to have been a bold and adventurous traveller ; *Ealstan*, who defeated the men of Kent in a great battle in 823, won a complete victory over the Danes at the mouth of the Parret, in 845, and died and was buried at Sherborne in 867, after holding the bishopric for half a century ; and *Heakmund*, slain by the Danes at Marden in 870. Kings Ethelbald and Ethelbert were both buried at Sherborne : the former in 860, the latter in 866.

Of course, the great “lion” in the ancient Saxon town is its ABBEY-CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, and one of the most beautiful and harmonious, notwithstanding its combination of many styles, of the English minsters. It has recently undergone a complete and most skilful restoration at the cost of the late Earl Digby, and G. D. Wingfield Digby, Esq., of Sherborne Castle, and under the direction of the late Mr. Carpenter and his pupil Mr. Slater. The painted glass was supplied by Messrs. Clayton and Bell of London ; the Organ, in 1850, by Messrs. Gray and Davison.

The different stages of English architecture may here be studied in the following order :—

1. *Norman* ; the south transept, the south porch, the west end, and the north aisle.—A. D. 1060-1180.
2. *Early English* ; the lady chapel, and part of Bishop Roger’s chantry.—A. D. 1180-1300.
3. *Decorated* ; the windows in the north aisle.—A. D. 1300-1370.
4. *Perpendicular* ; the east end, the choir, the nave.—A. D. 1370-1540.

The principal portions of the building are therefore Norman and Perpendicular ; and for this reason : in 1436 a feud arose between the townsmen and the parish priests on the one side, and the monks and the bishop on the other. The priest of All-Hallows discharged a fire-arrow into the edifice, igniting the thatched screen between the nave and choir ; a conflagration ensued, which destroyed the nave, choir, and east end. The rebuilding of the Chapel of St. Mary le Bow and the east end was immediately commenced, in the Perpendicular style then in vogue, by Abbot Bradford, 1436-59, and completed by Abbot John Saunders, 1459-75. The nave was restored by Abbot Peter Ramsam, 1475-1504.

The recent RESTORATIONS (at an expenditure of £30,000) may thus be classified :—

The Tower, repaired in 1880.

The West Window, restored in 1841, by Hardman.

The Nave, restored 1849-50, by R. C. Carpenter; at the cost of Earl Digby.

The Choir, 1855-8, by W. Slater; at the cost of G. W. Digby, Esq.

DIMENSIONS :—

	Length in ft.	Breadth in ft.	Height in ft
Nave	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	69. 10 in.	60. 8 in.
Choir and Tower	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	60. 10 in.	54. 8 in.
Transept	95	25	54. 8 in.
Lady Chapel	45	21	
Ambulatory	60 8 in.	16	
Tower	82 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. to W., 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. to S.		109
Total Length, 200 feet.			

St. Mary's Abbey-Church is cruciform in plan, and consists of a nave and choir, each with north and south aisles; a transept, with three chapels, one in the north wing and two in the south; a south porch, a tower rising from the point of intersection, and an east ambulatory. The external effect is not remarkable for grandeur, but in the interior the splendour of the decorations and the beauty of the details are wonderfully imposing.

The CHOIR has three bays, with a lofty clerestory, and each bay has an iron-work door, by Skidmore of Coventry. The groined roof is finely enriched; the floor paved with Minton's encaustic tiles; and the altar approached by twelve steps of Purbeck marble. The *altar-window*, "stained with crimson fires," represents Christ's entry into Jerusalem, his agony at Gethsemane, his betrayal by Judas, the Ecce Homo, Bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, while the tracery is filled with the various orders of martyrs. The clerestory-windows glow with figures of saints and bishops of Sherborne. The *altar piece* or reredos represents the Ascension and the Last Supper, in alto-relievo, set in a moulding of Caen stone. The sedilia, the throne, and the stall-work are all beautifully and richly decorated.

The NAVE is not less interesting, and is equally splendid in its ornamentation. It has five bays, and a clerestory of five-light windows in the Perpendicular style. Remark the tracery of the roof, its ribs and bosses glittering with gold, and the panels emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Old Sarum and the see of Salisbury, Sherborne Abbey, and Earl Digby. The general effect is remarkable for subdued splendour.

The **SOUTH TRANSEPT** has a roof of Irish oak, and an eight-light window, designed by the late A. W. Pugin. The "Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre" occupies the east angle ; that of "St. Catherine" the west. "Bishop Roger's Chantry," built in 1139, is situated north of the **CHOIR AISLE** ; and the "Wickham Chantry," on the east side of the north transept. The **CHAPTER HOUSE** formerly adjoined Bishop Roger's Chantry. Over the **SOUTH PORCH** (good Norman) is a *parvise*, or room, for the Sacristan, ascended to by a narrow staircase.

The **MEMORIALS** are few, but interesting :—

[In the **CHOIR**—A monumental brass to the late *Earl Digby*. In the **NORTH AISLE**, to *Abbot Clement*, d. 1168, an effigy in granite ; and *Ethelwald*, brother of King *Alfred*, d. 860.

In the **SOUTH TRANSEPT**—A white marble monument, with three figures, by *Van Nost*, and an epitaph by *Bishop Hough*, to *John Digby*, Earl of Bristol, d. 1698, and his two wives. To Hon. *Robert* and *Mary Digby*, a tablet, erected by their father, *Lord Digby*, in 1727, with the well-known epitaph by *Pope*.

In the **WICKHAM CHANTRY**—A canopied tomb for *Sir John Horsey*, d. 1546, and Dame *Edith*, his wife. *Henry VIII.* conferred the monastic lands upon this knight, who sold the **Abbey-Church** to the townsmen for £280.

In St. **CATHERINE'S CHAPEL**—Canopied tomb and stone effigies for *John Lewton*, d. 1584, and *Joan*, his wife ; effigy in black marble, *Abbot Mere*, d. 1509.

BURIED WITHOUT MEMORIALS—*Ethelbert*, son of King *Alfred*, d. 866 ; *Bishop Asser*, d. 910 ; and *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, d. 1541.]

Of the **ABBEY**, founded in the reign of *Ethelred*, the remains are not considerable. The **REFECTORY**, Perpendicular, is approached through a Norman door and groined passage ; the roof is of timber-work, and in excellent preservation. It is now occupied by a silk manufacturer. The **BARN**, or **SPICARIUM**, is also in existence ; and to the east of the church stands an ancient gate, and a curious hexagonal **CONDUIT**, erected by *Abbot Frith*, 1349-71 and restored by *Sir John Horsey*, *temp. Edward VI.*

The **FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL** was founded by *Edward VI.* The **ABBEY HOUSE**, south of the **Abbey Close**, is Early Perpendicular. The **ALMSHOUSE** was anciently a hospital of **Augustinian** canons, established by *Bishop Neville*, in 1448, and dedicated to St. John. Its tenants wear a quaint blue uniform, and attend daily prayers in their own **chapel**. The **TOWN HALL** is of considerable antiquity.

Sherborne* has given birth to two men of literary and sci-

* Sherborne had, some thirty years ago, an evil repute for its hourly bell-ringing. A contributor to "Hone's Every-day Book" complains of the "almost endless ding-dong throughout the day." We believe the

tific repute :—*Bradley*, the astronomer-royal, born 1692 ; and *Joseph Towers*, a divine and scholar of great erudition, born 1737. Our great English tragedian, the worthy successor of Kean and Kemble, *William Charles Macready* (born 1793), has occupied SHERBORNE HOUSE since 1851. Of the SHERBORNE LITERARY INSTITUTE, he has been an energetic patron.

About half a mile east, on the ridge which overlooks the town, and belted round with a ring of noble woods, stands SHERBORNE CASTLE (G. D. Wingfield Digby, Esq.), as charming “a bit” of Tudor architecture as one could wish to meet with, when fresh from studies of the brave men and chaste women who lent such a grace and glory to the Elizabethan age. In its plan its resembles the letter]-[, with hexagonal towers at each angle, and two others on each side of the centre of the principal front. The centre is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh ; the wings to the Earl of Bristol (after the Restoration). The stone walls have been coated with gray plaster, which is now streaked with lichens of various colours. An archway of stone, surmounted by the Digby crest, forms the entrance into the courtyard. The gardens are very quaint and pleasant, and present a favourable illustration of the taste and skill of “Capability Brown.” A stone seat is pointed out as that frequented by Raleigh when he indulged in the “Virginian weed,” and in the park, which is 5 miles in circuit, and contains 1170 acres, is shewn a grove planted by the great adventurer, and another planted by Pope, who was the guest here of Lord Digby. A large sheet of artificial water, formed by damming up what was but an inconsiderable stream, is now considered “one of the most beautiful and extensive lakes” in the west of England. It divides the pleasure from the woods which encircle the ruins of the ancient castle.

Among the works of art collected here, the most interesting church bells are still tolled for two hours on the 23d of September to commemorate the death of John, Earl of Bristol, died 1698, and in pursuance of the directions of his will. The bell-ringers receive bread and cheese, beer, and a small sum of money. . . . PACK-MONDAY FAIR is held on the first Monday after the 10th of October. “Tradition relates that this fair originated at the termination of the building of the church, when the people who had been employed about it packed up their tools, and held a fair, or wake, in the churchyard, blowing cows’ horns in their rejoicing, which at that time was perhaps the most common music in use.”

(s.w.)

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are :—Sir Kenelm Digby and the Earl of Bristol, by *Vandyck*; the Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Lord Hunsdon, representing her in an open sedan, carried by eight of her chief nobles, with Lord Hunsdon in advance, bearing the sword of state, *Mark Gerard*; Henry, first Earl Digby, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*; Elizabeth, Countess of Southampton; and Doggett, the celebrated comedian, and donor of “Doggett’s Badge,” by *Murray*.

SHERBORNE CASTLE, built by Roger the Great, Bishop of Salisbury, *temp. Stephen*, was seized upon by that iron-handed sovereign soon after its erection, nor was it restored to the see until Bishop Wydville obtained its restitution from Edward III. An earlier stronghold existed here in the Saxon times, which William the Conqueror bestowed upon Bishop Osmund de Sela. The Norman prelate pronounced a curse on all men who should seek to wrest it from the see of Sarum, and the curse has been fulfilled (say the gossips) in the persons of many subsequent owners. The Montacute, Earls of Sarum, after a chequered career, died out of the land; the Duke of Somerset was arrested here, and removed from hence to the Tower, which he finally left for the scaffold on Tower Hill; Sir Walter Raleigh, who obtained the estate by not very honourable means, fell a victim to the jealousy of King James; Prince Henry lived but a few months after it came into his hands; and the infamous Carr, Earl of Somerset, its next possessor, closed his career in ignominy and shame.

Charles I sold the castle and manor to the loyal Digby, Earl of Bristol, and in 1645 the fortress was captured, after a siege of sixteen days, by Cromwell and Fairfax, when Sir L. Dyses and Sir John Strangeways, 55 gentlemen, and 600 soldiers, were taken prisoners. It was then dismantled, and with its materials Castleton Church and the wings of the present mansion were erected.

William III. stopped at Sherborne Castle, on his way to London in 1688, and passed a night there.

CLIFTON MAUBANK (population, 72), 3 miles from Sherborne, was once celebrated for its noble manorial mansion, erected by the Sir John Horsey already spoken of, about 1586. The gateway was designed by Inigo Jones. The Horseys became possessed of the estate, *temp. Richard II.*, by marriage with the heiress of the Maubanks.

One mile north lies OSBORNE (population, 140), with its picturesque Early English church and primitive cottages. The Yeovil and Salisbury railway here traverses the main road; just beyond, the chalk-hills cross the boundary of Somersetshire, and

stretch to the north-east towards Wincanton. The tourist may prolong his walk to CADBURY (the hill-fort), 5 miles, partly for its CAMP, a Celtic construction of some extent, defended by four deep fosses and as many ramparts, enclosing an area of 20 acres; and partly for the view which it commands of the rich plains and misty heights of Somersetshire. A raised mound in the centre is known as "King Arthur's Palace," and a spring in the fourth fosse as "King Arthur's Well." From the relics and coins discovered here, it is evident that the Romans at one time occupied it. Camden supposes that at a later period King Arthur fought a battle with the Saxons in its vicinity, and the peasants to this day believe that the spirits of the great British hero and his knights haunt this "hallowed ground."]

BRANCH ROUTE—SHERBORNE to DORCHESTER,
15 Miles.

A well-kept highway traverses the interesting country which lies between Sherborne and Dorchester. Just beyond Sherborne it crosses a range of hills; it then winds over an extensive plain, and again ascends the hills,—keeping along their ridge until it reaches Dorchester. Through the vale on our right the river Cerne runs forward to join the Frome, and beneath the hills on our left wanders the Trent (or Piddle) on its way to Wareham Harbour.

Having crossed the Yeo, ascended and descended the hill slopes, and reached the many-rivered plain, we may notice on our right the rich tree-masses of LEWSTON PARK, while far away on our left lies BISHOP'S CAUNDLE, celebrated by Mr. Barnes the Dorsetshire poet for its "wold dun tow'r," and "shrub'bry's leafy screen." The CHURCH is ancient, and not without a character of interest. On the left next rises upon our view, HOLNEST LODGE (W. Erle Drake, Esq.); on our right upon a branch of the Lidden, a pleasant rushy brook, is situated GLENVILLE WOOTTON (population, 328), formerly the manor of an ancient knightly race, and retaining much of that abundant leafiness to which it owes its Saxon affix. The Dales have a good house here.

Passing through MIDDLEMARSH, we leave on the left another camp-crowned hill, the DUNGEON (Donjon), while to the south-east towers the commanding elevation of the HIGH STOY. We now abandon the plains and climb the higher ground at REVEL'S HILL, one of "the view-points" of Dorsetshire, overlooking a landscape which, to the north, is both varied

and extensive. A little to the right lies MINTERNE PARVA (population 130), and MINTERNE HOUSE, the seat of Lord Digby, the grounds enlivened by the waters of the Cerne. We now ascend the GIANT'S HILL to examine the curious gigantic figure cut out upon the hill-side, a man, 180 feet in height, stretching forth his left hand, while in his right he balances a huge club. The tradition runs that it commemorates a giant who, after a gluttonous repast upon the sheep he found in Blackmoor, lay down here to enjoy a snug repose, but was discovered by the peasants, pinioned to the ground, and slain, his outline being described upon the turf for the wonder and delectation of posterity. Mr. Sydenham in his "Baal Durotrigis" considers it to be an early British monument. But a very similar effigy occurs at Wilmington Hill, in Sussex, and "as both figures occupy a slope on a chalky down, and both lie immediately opposite to a religious house," we think, with Mr. Lower, that they are rather "the works of mediæval monks, though it is difficult to guess at the motive which could have prompted them to the execution of such quaint portraiture"—(*Lower's Contributions to Literature*).

CERNE ABBAS (population, 1343; *New Inn*), derives its name from its position on the Cerne, which here winds through a gap in the chalk hills, and the ABBEY founded by Alwald in commemoration of his brother, St. Edmund the Martyr. St. Edmund was king of East Anglia, and defeated in a great battle at Thetford by the Danes (A.D. 870), who made him prisoner, bound him to a tree, and shot him to death with arrows. His name is retained in the Anglican Kalendar, and November 20th appropriated to him.

The only remains of the Abbey are,—the GATE-HOUSE, bearing the shields of the Earl of Cornwall and the Abbey, and the ABBEY BARN, still made use of as a store-house. CERNE CHURCH, Perpendicular, is dedicated to St. Mary, and was, perhaps, erected by the monks. It contains a few memorials, and the nave and chancel have some interesting details. Beyond the churchyard rises a small earthwork, probably of Celtic origin.

Between Cerne Abbas and Dorchester there is nothing to detain the tourist, though from the hills occasional views are obtained of the fair woodlands and lowlands beneath, which, if seen in the rich rosy light of a setting sun, assume a wondrous

aspect of tender beauty. How great an influence upon the character of a landscape is exercised by *colour!* See the vale or the meadow in the pearly haze of morning, in the golden clearness of the noon, in the purple of the increasing twilight, and note how different an aspect it assumes, how different an impression it produces upon the heart! And it is just these things which the pilgrim a-foot should take especial note of; not only will their observation beguile the way and lessen the distance, but assist in storing the mind with the most precious knowledge, and in charming the fancy with an unfailing succession of new and delightful images.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—SHERBORNE TO STALLBRIDGE.

At 2 miles (or thereabouts) beyond Sherborne, the great western road which we have adopted crosses into Somersetshire; that county having chosen to thrust into Dorsetshire a most impudent and intrusive *wedge*, separating, to some extent, the groves of Sherborne Castle from those of Stallbridge Park. In this angle, or “cantle,” is situated MILBORNE PORT (population, 1746. *Inn*: the King’s Head), $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of the Salisbury Railway, a manufacturing town which seems “to do” a business disproportionate to its size. This “PORT,” or BURGH, “on the mill-bourne” (*burn*, Scotticè) existed in Saxon times, and at a later period was of sufficient importance to send representatives to Parliament. It was seized upon by the Roundheads in 1645, and those ruthless iconoclasts did much mischief to the church, stealing the Bible from it, and injuring the stained glass windows; whereupon the townsmen seized pike and musket, and after a sharp skirmish, compelled the troopers to decamp from the town.

The CHURCH is a large and stately Norman building, with later additions. It comprises a nave, chancel, north and south aisle, north and south transepts, and a stately embattled tower, time-worn and weather-beaten, rising from the centre. Remark the chancel-arch, the fine east window, and ancient front. Among the numerous memorials are some monuments to the Medlicotts, a family still of some repute in the neighbourhood. The TOWN HALL is a most insignificant little hovel, but enriched with a Norman moulded arch.

Half a mile beyond Milborne Port, we ascend Bullstake Hill and re-enter Dorsetshire to pass again into Somersetshire after another mile's ramble. **VENN HOUSE** (Sir William Medlicott) lies on our right, a red brick mansion, with two wings, built by Inigo Jones, environed in foliage, and brightened by the meandering Yeo. The view from the summit of the hill is extensive and varied.

At 2 miles from Milborne we pause at **HENSTRIDGE ASH**, the meeting-point of four great roads; that on our right comes from Poole, through Blandford and Sturminster Newton, and indicates the general course of the projected Dorset Central Railway; on our left, from Bristol, through Shepton Mallet, Castle Cary, and Wincanton—have already traversed the great western road which runs from Exeter, through Chard, Honiton, and Yeovil—and from this point proceeds *via* Shaftesbury, Salisbury, and Andover into London. Tolerable refreshment may here be obtained at the *Virginia Inn*, named in commemoration of Sir Walter Raleigh. It was at this "hostel" that the great adventurer (so runs the tradition) enjoyed the first pipe of tobacco smoked in England, when his servant, alarmed into a belief that his master was on fire, dashed over him a bowl of ale. And here we may digress to notice that this anecdote has been reported of other persons. Rich, in his *Irish Hubbub* (published in 1619), says,—“I remember a pretty jest of tobacco which was this. A certain Welshman coming newly to London, and beholding one to take tobacco, never seeing the like before, and not knowing the manner of it, but perceiving him vent smoke so fast, and supposing his inward parts to be on fire, cried out, ‘O Jhesu, Jhesu man, for the passion of Cod hold, for by Cod’s spludty snowt’s on fire,’ and having a bowle of beere in his hand, threw it at the other’s face, to quench his smoking nose.” (*Fairholt’s Tobacco, and its Associations*.) The same “pretty jest” is told of Dick Tarleton. Sir Walter Raleigh, by the way, did *not* introduce “the pipe” into England. It was first made known by Mr. Ralph Lane, the first Governor of Virginia, on his return from that colony.

STALLBRIDGE PARK, now converted into an extensive farm, belongs to the Marquis of Westminster, who carries out his agricultural operations with more science than is usual among Dorsetshire farmers. It was formerly the property of the Marquis of Anglesea.

STALLBRIDGE (population, 1901), 2 miles right, is a market town of no great importance, but pleasantly situated on the outskirts of its "grey-wall'd park," and along the Blandford road. The projected Dorset Central Railway will pass a little to the east. The CHURCH is old and commodious. In the village street—a double line of homely cottages—stands a noticeable CROSS, 30 feet high, and adorned with four bas-reliefs, and figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John.

From the hill here may be enjoyed a very rich and extensive prospect of the beautiful VALE OF BLACKMOOR, stretching far away into the dim blue heights, and revelling in the fantastic shadows of luxuriant foliage. ALFRED'S TOWER, at Stourhead, crowning the lofty hill of Kingsettle, 800 feet above the sea, is a conspicuous landmark. This triangular pile of brick is 150 feet high, and is designed to commemorate Alfred the Great, who, A.D. 879, "on this summit erected his standard against Danish invaders." It is about 20 miles from Stallbridge.

Of certain beauties of the vale of Blackmoor, a Dorsetshire poet sings:—

" The primrwose in the sheäde do blow,
 The cowslip in the zun,
 The thyme upon the down do grow,
 The clote where streams do run ;
 An' where do pretty maidens grow
 An' blow, but where the tow'r
 Do rise among the bricken tuns
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.

" If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
 To Stower or Paladore,
 An' all the farmers' housen show'd
 Their daeters at the door ;
 You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
 Here, come ; 'ithin an hour
 You'll vind ten maidens to your mind,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

BRANCH ROUTE—STALLBRIDGE to BLANDFORD 12 Miles.

At 2 miles from Stallbridge we cross the pleasant river Lidden (from *lyd*, *lud*, water, and *dene*, a hollow). Nearly 2 miles to

the right lies THORNHILL (Rev. H. Boucher), deriving its name from its founder, Sir James Thornhill, the artist. THORNHILL SPIRE, on the hill beyond, commemorates his patron George I, and was erected in 1727. The artist was descended from Ralph de Thornhill (*temp. Henry III.*) ; and when he became prosperous bought back his ancestral acres, and “erected a grand house.”

One mile further, and we cross the Divelish, a tributary of the Stour, and wind through a delightful landscape to (2½ miles)

STURMINSTER NEWTON (population, 1916. *Inns* : The Crown and the Swan), on the projected Dorset Central Railway, a market-town of great antiquity, built on a gentle slope which declines to the rushy Stour. In the market-place remain the octagonal steps which formerly supported the market-cross. Beyond the river (spanned by a good stone bridge) rises PIDDLEWOOD, a richly wooded upland abounding in game ; and at the foot of the bridge a pleasant orchard, covering a mound, and encircled by a dry fosse, marks the site of an ancient CASTLE, whose history remains untold.

At BANBURY, 1 mile south, there is a British camp, which may be worth a visit, and keeping 7 miles further south, the tourist may visit the beautiful CHURCH erected at WOOLLAND (population, 107) in 1857, from the designs of Mr. G. G. Scott. It consists of a nave, chancel, porch, south aisle, and octagonal buttressed turret, supporting a tall and elegant spire. The interior is richly fitted up.

The road now pierces the downs through a long and narrow gap,—the heights on either side being crowned with ancient entrenchments,—and passes through SHILLING OKEFORD (population, 773), or Child Okeford, 3½ miles, where stand the ruins of a cross, a tall Maypole, which is garlanded yearly on the 9th of June, and an ancient church. Through the shades of deep woods we then descend to the Stour, and crossing at DURWESTON (population, 406),—the church is of no particular interest,—proceed through a pleasant country to Blandford, one of the principal stations on the new Dorset Central Railway, 5½ miles from Shilling Okeford, and 13½ miles from HENSTRIDGE ASH.

**MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—HENTS RIDGE ASH TO
SHAFTESBURY.**

The road from Hentsridge Ash to Shaftesbury is one which every young English artist should assuredly travel. Every foot of it is picturesque and romantic. Hill, dale, river, plain, alternate in rapid but delightful succession. Clumps of noble trees adorn the wayside ; bright rivulets trail their lines of silver across the rich green meads. Lofty downs stretch far away their beautifully undulating crests ; their sides dappled with changing shadow and sunshine. Every river sings a song ; a poem throbs in every leafy copse.

At about half a mile from the Virginia Inn we cross Bow BROOK, and pass from Somersetshire into Dorsetshire. The next stream which salutes us with its music is the river Cale, rising near Wincanton, and flowing into the Stour. We now enter the vale of Blackmwore—as the men of Dorset call it—a famously fertile pasturage, about 4 miles in breadth, bounded east and west by ranges of sheltering downs, and dotted with noble oaks of a venerable antiquity. This is the “White Hart Forest” of feudal times,—receiving its name from a goodly white hart “roused” among its bosky glades by Henry III., and spared from the hunter’s knife on account of its exceeding beauty. It was afterwards slain, however, by one Thomas de la Lynde. Whereupon the enraged sovereign condemned the whole shire (because it had not opposed the daring “poacher”) in a perpetual amercia-ment, known as “White Hart Silver,” which was levied as late as the days of Thomas Fuller :—“Myself,” says the quaint divine, “hath paid a share for the sauce who never tasted the meat”—(*Worthies of England*). The forest formerly extended as far as Sherborne. An astonishing number of pigs is now bred upon Blackmoor for the London markets.

Having ascended Stower (Stour) HILL, on whose summit clusters the picturesque village of WEST STOWER (population, 221), with a gray, old, weatherbeaten CHURCH ; we next enter upon that part of the road known as the SHERBORNE CAUSEWAY, having on our right the fir-clad hill of DONCLIFF—crested, of course, with an ancient camp, within whose area rises a clear,

cold spring. The view from the summit is delightful, but the ascent is not easy.

At 8½ miles from Hentsridge Ash, and 3 miles from Doncliff, we reach the ancient CAER PALLADWR, or town on the hill-peak, —the modern SHASTON, as it is locally pronounced, or

SHAFTESBURY.

[Population, 2472. *Inns*: Grosvenor Arms and Abbey Arms.

101 m. from London; 17 m. from Salisbury; 9½ m. from Blandford; 18½ m. from Yeovil; from Wincanton.

~~✓~~ Conveyances daily to Yeovil, Blandford, and Salisbury.

BANKERS—National Provincial Bank, and Wilts and Dorset Banking Company.

* * The nearest Railway Station is at GILLINGHAM, 4 m. north-west.]

Goodness knows how ancient is the pretty town of Shaftesbury! It has stood up yonder on the brink of a narrow ridge of chalk ever since Celts and Romans contended for the mastery of England, and was even in existence, according to Holinshed, in the days of King Lud,—that is, about 1000 years B.C. A more modest statement ascribes its foundation to Cassibelaunus; and it was certainly a Celtic, and perhaps afterwards a Roman settlement. A nunnery was founded here in 880 by King Alfred, whither the body of St. Edward the martyr was removed from Wareham (June 20, 980) with extraordinary pomp and splendour, and under the care of St. Dunstan, and Alfere the caldorman. His shrine became a popular one with English devotees, who loaded it with riches, until it was eclipsed by the superior attractions of St. Thomas's, Canterbury.

Of the twelve churches which, besides chantries and chapels, Shaftesbury possessed at the epoch of the Conquest, only four remain—HOLY TRINITY, ST. PETER, ST. JAMES, and ST. PAUL. The livings of HOLY TRINITY and ST. PETER are now united, in the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury. ST. PETER'S is an ancient and beautiful church, of handsome proportions, with a richly decorated font, and a good east window. The other churches possess little to interest the tourist.

Of the once-famous and wealthy abbey, a fragment of gray mossy wall alone remains. Its spoliation at the Dissolution was, indeed, complete; and of its size or plan it is now impossible to form an estimate. The lands passed into the hands of the Ashley Coopers, ancestors of the present Earl of Shaftesbury.

[**HINTS FOR RAMBLES.**—1. A pleasant stroll may be taken from Shaftesbury to GILLINGHAM (population, 1837), 4 miles north-west, on the Yeovil and Salisbury Railway,—an ancient Saxon settlement, and now a busy little market town, which begins to acknowledge the beneficial influence of the locomotive. The vicarage of Gillingham is the most valuable in the county,—£1313 per annum,—and is associated with the cures of East Stower, West Stower, Enmore Green, and Motcombe. The Church is large, but uninteresting. The traveller may then make his way by SLAUGHTER GATE, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, to PENZELWOOD, or Pen Selwood, 5 miles, on the borders of Somersetshire, where the Danes under King Knut were defeated by Edmund Ironsides in 1016. The carnage was so terrible that, it is said, the blood rolled down from the battle-field as far as Slaughter Gate. He will next proceed through the hilly villages of the two BOURTONS into the Wincanton road, 2 miles; turn to the left, and re-enter Gillingham, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from whence he may diverge to EAST STOWER, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and return by DONCLIFF HILL, 1 mile (on the right), to Shaftesbury, 3 miles— $21\frac{1}{2}$ to 22 miles. 2. MOTCOMBE (population, 1535),—*quære, móti, Saxon, a council, and combe, a valley?*—with its sheltered village and quaint church, and MOTCOMBE HOUSE, one of the numerous seats of the Marquis of Westminster, deserve a visit. 3. To ASHMORE (population, 237), 5 miles south-east, and ASHMORE LODGE, with its quiet leafy vale—an abrupt cone springing from its very bosom, surmounted by the picturesque ruins of the ancient manor-house—is a romantic excursion. From Ashmore we cross westward, and thence climb the hills to COMPTON ABBAS (population, 465), a sister-village to MELBURY ABBAS (population, 444), 1 mile north-east, and as motley a collection of thatched cottages as one can see even in Dorsetshire,—descend into the Shaftesbury road, and regain Shaftesbury, after a day's excursion of 14 or 15 miles.]

The deficiency of water at Shaftesbury, and the necessity of bringing it by water-carts from some wells at Motcombe (in the parish of Gillingham), gave rise to a quaint old custom which has not long fallen into desuetude, and which was annually observed by ancient agreement, dated 1662, between the lord of the manor of Gillingham and the mayor and burgesses of Shaftesbury. “The mayor is obliged, on the Monday before Holy Thursday, to dress up a prize besom, or *byzant* as they call it, somewhat like a May-garland in form, with gold and peacock’s feathers, and carry it to Enmore Green, half a mile below the town, in Motcombe, as an acknowledgment for the water; together with a raw calf’s head, a pair of gloves, a gallon of beer or ale, and two penny loaves of white wheaten bread, which the steward receives and carries away to his own use. The ceremony being over, the ‘*byzant*’ is restored to the mayor, and brought back by one of his officers with great solemnity. This ‘*byzant*’ is generally so richly adorned with plate and jewels, borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, as to be worth not less than £1500.”

King Knut died at Shaftesbury in 1035. His body was removed to Winchester Cathedral for interment.

BRANCH ROUTE—SHAFTESBURY to BLANDFORD,
9½ Miles.

The Traveller from King Lud's town of "Shaston" to the old Roman colony of BLANDFORD FORUM has his choice of two routes ; the more direct runs along a ridge of chalk hills, and after passing MELBURY ABBAS, 2½ miles, keeps clear of village and hamlet until it approaches Blandford. The uncultivated tract of Cranborne Chase spreads away into the blue distance beneath the hills ; the scene is solitary, and the road is now but little frequented.

The new road keeps the low ground between the double range of chalk hills, and is not without its picturesque effects and delightful prospects. Leaving MELBURY HILL on our left, we strike southward to FONTMILL MAGNA (population, 832), 4½ miles, with its church, manor-house, and inn ; SUTTON WALDRON (population, 257), 1 mile, deriving its name from the old family which once possessed the manor,—a small village with a small rustic CHURCH, chiefly early English ; IWERNE MINSTER (population, 703), 1 mile, where the Bowers have a good old family house, and the dean and canons of Windsor hold the presentation of the vicarage ; and SHROUGHTON (population, 680). On the right, shining against a back-ground of green trees, stands RANSOM HOUSE (Sir E. B. Baker, Bart.), and on the left rises the abrupt elevation of HAMBLEDON HILL,—its summit bristling with a Danish camp, with double vallum and fosse, protected by formidable outworks.

As we accomplish another mile of road we catch sight, on our left, of STAPLETON (Sir J. H. D'Oyley, Bart.)—sheltered from the east winds by Pimperne Down—and on our right, of the gaunt steep known as HOD (or Head) HILL, which is separated from Hambledon by a narrow defile, and crowned by a Roman camp as well as some British works. The tourist will not fail to have noticed that the whole range of the chalk from Blandford to Pen Selwood is occupied by a series of entrenchments, formidable in the old days as military positions from their comparative inaccessibility.

Now descending into the valley of the Stour, we reach the pretty and well-wooded hamlet of STOURPAYNE (population, 621), and passing at some distance to the right the luxuriant groves of BRYANSTONE (Lord Portman), arrive at BLANDFORD, after a pleasant ramble of 9½ miles.

SHAFTESBURY to SALISBURY.

At about half-a-mile from Shaftesbury the Great Western Road enters Wiltshire. As the remainder of our route, therefore, belongs to another country, we shall here treat of its details with considerable brevity.

WINCOMBE PARK (C. Gordon, Esq.) lies on our left, sheltering in its leafy shadows the "infant Nadder," which has here its

source. Above it rises TITTLEPATH HILL (*sticke*, Saxon, steep), with an extensive camp on its summit known as CASTLE RINGS. We next pass in succession (and still on our left) the two villages of DONHEAD ST. ANDREW (population, 86), and DON HEAD ST. MARY (population, 1621). The Norman CHURCH of St. Andrew's is interesting. Donhead—*i.e.*, dunhwed, the up-heaving hill—is an elevation of the greensand.

From this point there is a pleasant ramble to WARDOUR CASTLE (Lord Arundel of Wardour), with its beautiful grounds and priceless collection of art-treasures. The main road skirts the park for some distance, and winds along the base of an elevated ridge until it passes between BUXBURY, right, and CASTLE DITCHES, left—the summit of the latter is occupied with a camp, 23 acres in extent, defended by three ditches and ramparts 40 feet in height.

The next point of interest is COMPTON CHAMBERLAYNE (population, 352), and its old manor-house, formerly the residence of Colonel Penruddock, who, March 11, 1655, made a bold but rash attempt against Cromwell's power by seizing the Judges at the Salisbury assizes, and proclaiming Charles II. But, after a moment's occupation of Salisbury, the royalists were dispersed “by a captain with only a few companies of infantry,” and Penruddock, captured at South Molton in Devonshire, was tried and beheaded. There are some good family portraits by *Lely* and *Vandyck* at Compton Chamberlayne.

HURCOT HOUSE lies on the left. Turning into the Hindon road we may now proceed to SALISBURY through the ancient town of Wilton.

Salisbury,

or NEW SARUM, capital of Wiltshire, is built upon a low rich piece of country, at the confluence of the Avon, Wily, and Bourne rivers. Its distance from London is 82 miles. It is very regularly built, the principal streets crossing each other at right angles; and along some of the streets canals are conducted from the Avon. The houses are large, occasionally very handsome, and generally built of brick; some, of a more ancient date, are of wood.

The Cathedral, one of the finest and most regular in England, rises majestically to the south of the town from *the close*, a beautiful meadow about half a square mile in extent, planted with trees, and entered by three antique gates. It is in the form of a double cross, from the centre of which rises a graceful spire, the loftiest in the country, being 404 feet, equal to the height of the cross of St. Paul's. According to an old Latin

epigram, it has as many windows as days in the year, as many pillars as hours, and as many gates as moons. The early English is the style (1220-1258), but the spire and west front are later. It is very complete in all its parts, having a nave and choir with two aisles ; a lady chapel, east of the choir ; a larger and smaller transept ; an octagonal chapter-house, the roof of which is supported by a single elegant pillar. There are also very extensive cloisters. Principal dimensions :—Extreme length, 474 feet ; length of great transept, 230 feet ; of nave, 229 feet ; height of the interior, 81 feet ; of the exterior, 115 feet ; height of spire, 404 feet. The west front is a very rich and fine specimen of the Pointed style, flanked by massive square towers surmounted by pinnacles. Many of the monuments are interesting, and some more ancient than the building itself, having been transferred from the former cathedral at Old Sarum. A grammar-school is attached to the cathedral for the instruction of the choristers, and there is another founded by Queen Elizabeth in the town. Within *the close* stands the Episcopal palace and deanery with fine gardens. In the middle of the town is a large open market-place, at one corner of which stands the Council-House, a brick building, with handsome stone portico in the Grecian style. Near this is the poultry-market, containing a fine hexagonal cross of the time of Edward III. The town of Salisbury owes its origin to a quarrel which took place in the thirteenth century between the bishop and canons of Old Sarum and the captain of the castle, in consequence of which the former left their original seat, about a mile and a half northwards, and founded a new cathedral here. Most of the townsmen followed them ; and hence the application of the name New Sarum. A charter was granted to the town by Henry III., and it was walled in 1315. The population is about 12,000.

Eight miles from Salisbury is the famous Druidical monument of Stonehenge. Longford Castle, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, is distant 8 miles.

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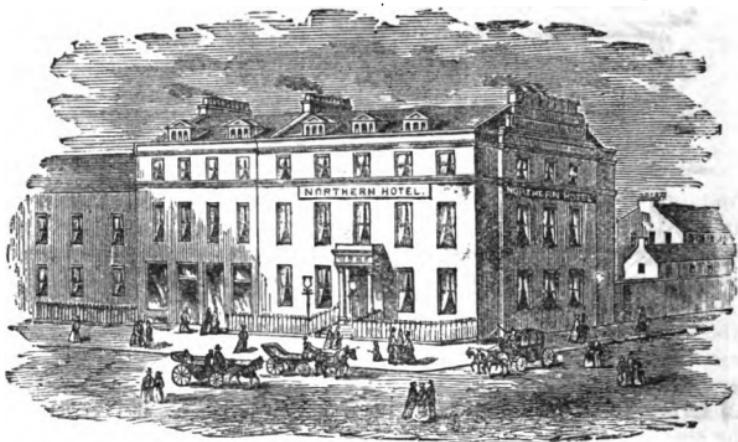
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4 ABERGELE—ASCOT (see p. 46)—BELFAST (see p. 19)—BLAIRGOWRIE.

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A Ladies' Coffee-Room.

CARNARVON, NORTH WALES.

ROYAL HOTEL (LATE UXBRIDGE ARMS),

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Beautifully situated on the Banks of the Menai Straits, and in close proximity to the Railway Station.

EDWARD HUMPHREYS

(Late of the Dolbadarn and Padarn Villa Hotels, Llanberis).

An Omnibus will regularly attend the arrival of each Train at the Railway Station. Billiards in detached premises. Daily Coaches during the season to Beddgelert.

On and after June 19th, a Coach round Snowdon, after the arrival of the 9.45 a.m. train, *via* Beddgelert, Vale of Gwynant, and the pass of Llanberis, arriving at the Hotel for Dinner, and in time for the train for Llandudno, Rhyl, &c.

STEPHENS'
COMMERCIAL HOTEL, CORK*(Opposite the General Post Office),*

POSSESSES first-class accommodation for Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and Families.

It is very centrally situated, being opposite the General Post Office—close to the Bank, Theatre, &c. &c.

Charges extremely Moderate.

WILLIAM D. STEPHENS, PROPRIETOR,
From the West of England.

EXTRACT from a "Tour through Ireland," published in the *North Briton*, 1864:—

"When we arrived in Cork we took up our quarters at Stephens' Commercial Hotel, where we obtained excellent accommodation.

"What this Hotel lacks in external show is amply compensated by unremitting attention on the part of the Proprietors and their attendants to the comfort of their Guests."

DINGWALL.

DINGWALL AND SKYE, LOCH MAREE AND GAIRLOCH.

“FRASER'S”**NATIONAL AND STATION HOTEL—FIRST.**

AT THE JUNCTION OF THE HIGHLAND AND SKYE RAILWAYS.

FROM this Hotel—being centrally situated—Tourists can conveniently go over the whole of the famed scenery along the Skye Railway. Visit Lochmearie and Gairloch, and in like manner Golspie and Dunrobin.

Posting and Job Horses and Carriages.**JURY'S HOTEL,****COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.**

WELL known for cleanliness, good attention, and moderate charges.

TABLE D'HOTE AT THREE AND HALF-PAST SIX.

DUNBLANE.**STIRLING ARMS HOTEL.**

THIS Hotel is situated on the Banks of the Allan, at the entrance to the picturesque grounds of Kippenross, and close to the Railway Station.

COMFORTABLE COFFEE ROOM. PRIVATE PARLOURS AND BED ROOMS.

*Charges Moderate.**The Posting is complete.*A. ANDERSON, *Proprietor.*

DUNOON HOTEL, see page 41.

FISHER'S
ROYAL HOTEL,
 DUNKELD.

IN CONNECTION WITH FISHER'S INVERCAULD ARMS, BRAEMAR.

Under the patronage of the Royal Family.

THIS Hotel, one of the largest in the Highlands of Scotland, and well known as a first-class establishment, is most conveniently situated for visiting the Duke of Athole's Pleasure Grounds, the Ancient Cathedral, the Hermitage, Rumbling Bridge, and the numerous Lakes in the immediate neighbourhood, and also for making excursions to the Pass of Killiecrankie, Falls of Tummel and Bruar, Blair Castle, Aberfeldy, and Taymouth Castle. Families boarded at moderate terms during the early part of the season. Coach to Braemar and Balmoral during the summer months. Seats secured only at the Hotel.

Carriages of every description. Omnibuses meet every Train.

ALMA HOTEL,

112, 113, and 114 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

(Opposite the Castle.)

COMBINING all the comforts of a Home with the convenience of a Hotel. Ladies Coffee-room. Charges strictly moderate.

A. ADDISON, *Proprietor.*

THE WATERLOO HOTEL,

WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH,

DESIGNED and built for the express purpose, in the most commodious and elegant style, and in a most beautiful situation, is always replete with everything conducive to the comfort and convenience of Families, Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and other Visitors, and is specially worthy of the attention of such.

KENNEDY'S HOTEL,

8 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH,

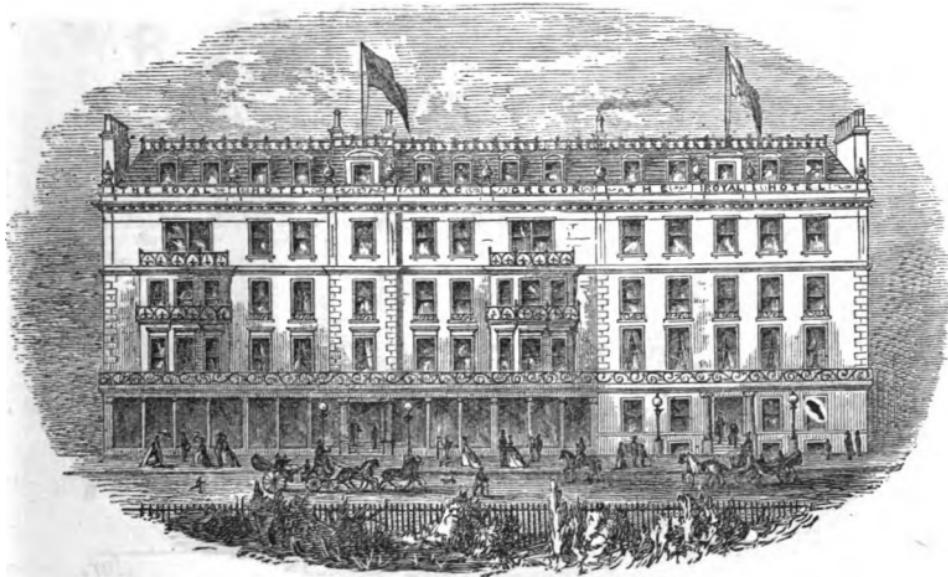
ALSO merits particular notice as an Old-established, Commodious, and popular House. It has excellent accommodation for Families and Commercial Gentlemen. The view from it to the west is at once comprehensive, grand, and striking.

Both Hotels adjoin the General Post Office and Railway Termini.

WM. KENNEDY,
Proprietor.

Ladies' Coffee-Room at both Hotels.

EDINBURGH, opposite the Scott Monument, and commanding the best views of the Gardens, Castle, and Arthur's Seat.



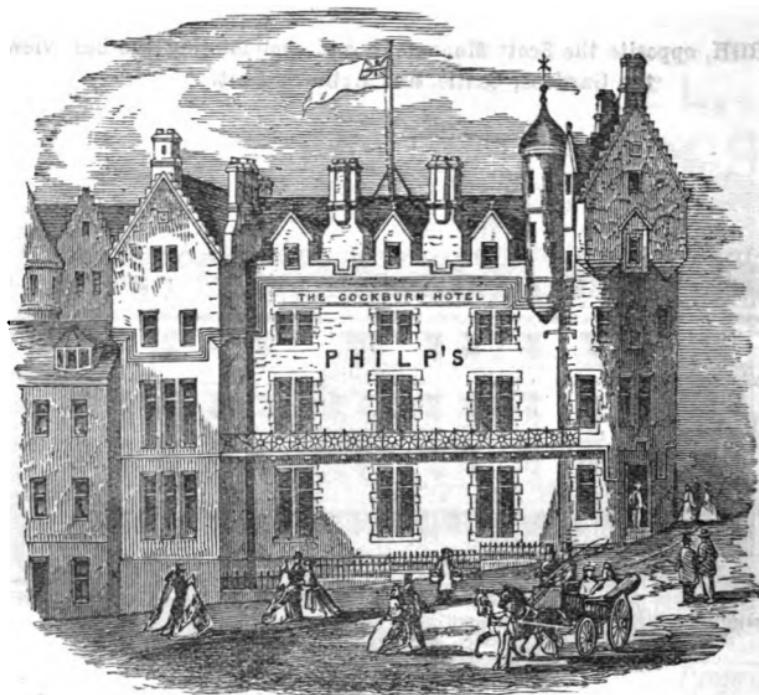
THE ROYAL HOTEL
 (Late GIBB'S),
53 PRINCES' STREET, EDINBURGH,
MacGregor, Proprietor and Manager.

THE above has been entirely remodelled within the last two years. It has numerous suites of apartments overlooking Princes Street, one of the finest streets in Europe.

The magnificent Coffee-Room for Families and Gentlemen is a hundred feet long, and twenty feet high. The Drawing-Room and Library all *en suite*, fronting Princes Street. The most complete in Britain.

The Royal is within a few minutes' walk of the Railway Stations.

SPACIOUS SMOKING AND BILLIARD ROOMS FRONTING PRINCES ST.
▲ Night Porter.



EDINBURGH. PHILP'S COCKBURN HOTEL,

Immediately adjoining the Terminus of the Great Northern Trains.

THIS commodious and well-appointed Hotel is beautifully situated, overlooking Princes Street Gardens, and commanding some of the finest views in the city.

A large and elegantly-furnished Saloon—admitted to be the finest in Scotland—set apart for Ladies, Gentlemen, or Families, wishing to avoid the expense of Sitting-Rooms.

The views from the immense windows of this Saloon are, without exception, the finest in Edinburgh.

Private Suites of Apartments, Bath-Rooms, Coffee and Smoking Rooms, and every accommodation for Gentlemen.

PIANOS IN ALL THE PARLOURS AND SALOONS.

Charges, including Attendance, strictly Moderate.

P.S.—Mr. Cook (of London) makes this Hotel his head-quarters when in Scotland, where every information may be obtained of his Tourist arrangements.

Cook's Hotel Coupons accepted at the Cockburn.

ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

MAN SPRICHT DEUTSCH.

DARLING'S REGENT HOTEL,

20 WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Nearly opposite the General Post-Office.

Situated in the Principal Street of the City, in the immediate vicinity of the Calton Hill and Public Buildings. Large comfortable Coffee-Room for parties with Ladies, free of charge. Also Private Parlours, commanding a fine view of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat.

Turkish and other Baths can be had on the premises.

This is admitted to be one of the best Temperance Hotels in Scotland.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

EDINBURGH.

THE CLARENCE HOTEL, R. MACMAHON, Proprietor,

103, 104, 105 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

At this First-class FAMILY HOTEL will be found

Handsome Suites of Rooms looking into the Gardens.

Also, a HANSONE SELECT COFFEE-ROOM,
with all the quiet and comfort of a home.

Charges strictly Moderate.

DEJAY'S HOTEL, EDINBURGH.

99, 100, 101 PRINCES STREET.

THIS first-class Family Hotel is situated in the most pleasant and central part of the Metropolis, overlooking Princes Street Gardens, and directly opposite the Castle. Private Suites of Apartments, also a handsome Select Coffee-Room, a Ladies' and Gentlemen's Drawing-Room, Bath-Rooms, and Smoking-Room. The Culinary Department is under the personal superintendence of Mr. Dejay, whose thorough practical experience as a *chef de cuisine* is well known, and will be a sufficient guarantee for efficiency. Au parle Français.

Charges strictly Moderate.

WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTELS.

EDINBURGH,

18

Waterloo Place;

AND AT

OLD WAVERLEY,

43

Princes St.,

EDINBURGH.

SHOW-ROOMS

FROM

2/

PER DAY.

GLASGOW,

185

Buchanan Street;

AND AT

LONDON

37

King Street,

CHEAPSIDE.

PRIVATE PARLORS

2/6

PER DAY.



R. CRANSTON,

(OLD WAVERLEY OPPOSITE SCOTT MONUMENT.)

PROPRIETOR.

NEW WAVERLEY HOTEL.

THE above is a supplementary Hotel, the Old Waverley being able to accommodate one half only of its kind Patrons. The Furnishings and fittings equal the highest-priced Hotel in the City. The charges the same as Old Waverley.

Plain Breakfast or Tea, 1s. Bed-Room, 1s. 6d. Service, 9d.

Recommended by Bradshaw as the cheapest and best they had ever seen; and by J. B. Gough as the only home he had found since leaving his own America.

THE BALMORAL HOTEL,

91 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

THIS old-established Hotel, re-constructed and re-furnished throughout in the most elegant manner, from designs by the best artists, and under the personal direction of John Grieve of St. James' Hall, London (the Lessee), is now open for reception of visitors.

In devising many necessary alterations, and in entirely re-furnishing the house, Mr. Grieve, while he has been careful to maintain the high character which the BALMORAL has always maintained as an elegant and comfortable residence for the Nobility and Gentry, is desirous of calling attention to the fact that he has very carefully studied the requirements of Gentlemen visiting Edinburgh on law and other business. Besides adding to the Hotel several *suites* of luxuriously-furnished apartments for Family use, he has added Thirty Single Rooms, with commodious self-contained Wardrobes, for the use of professional or business men.

The Public Dining and Drawing Rooms, furnished by London and Edinburgh tradesmen (unequalled in their several departments), are specially elegant and commodious, commanding fine views of Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh Castle, and other interesting features of the "Modern Athens;" whilst a snug Smoking-room, convenient Lavatories, and unlimited Water Supplies throughout the establishment, add largely to the comfort of the Visitor.

Kitchens, constructed by Benham & Sons of London, administered by Foreign and English Cooks of ability, leave nothing to be desired in the art of satisfying the most fastidious palate.

The Wine Cellars are stocked with Vintages obtained from Merchant and Shipping Houses, with which Mr. Grieve has done a large business for many years; and, though aware of the difficulty of pleasing the British public, he confidently refers to his newly-revised Wine Carte, and to the very moderate prices therein quoted—from the 3s. bottle of "Medoc" upwards.

The Charges of the Balmoral will compare favourably even with those of minor hotels. Lists of Prices will be forwarded on application to the Manager.

Ladies and Gentlemen passing through the city are respectfully invited to visit the Balmoral, and judge of the accommodation and charges for themselves.

Hot, Cold, Shower, Douche, Turkish, and Plunge Baths on the Premises.

*** Wholesale Wine List on application.*

Edinburgh—NEWHAVEN.**ORIGINAL FISH DINNERS.**

Established and carried on by the CLARK FAMILY for over 130 years.

THE PEACOCK HOTEL,

Foot of the WHALE BRAE, East End of NEWHAVEN.

MRS. MAIN, Daughter of and Successor to the late Mrs. CLARK, gratefully embraces this opportunity of returning her warmest thanks to her friends and the public for their very kind patronage, extending over so many years, and begs to intimate the completion of her arrangements in connection with the NEW BUILDING, which, with Enlarged and Handsome Accommodation, together with MAGNIFICENT SEA VIEW, will, she trusts, atone in some measure for want of room hitherto, and conduce in a very great degree to the comfort and enjoyment of her visitors.

Mrs. Main has no connection with any other Establishment.

FISH DINNERS, ETC., every lawful day.

WINES, ETC., of best quality, at Moderate Rates.

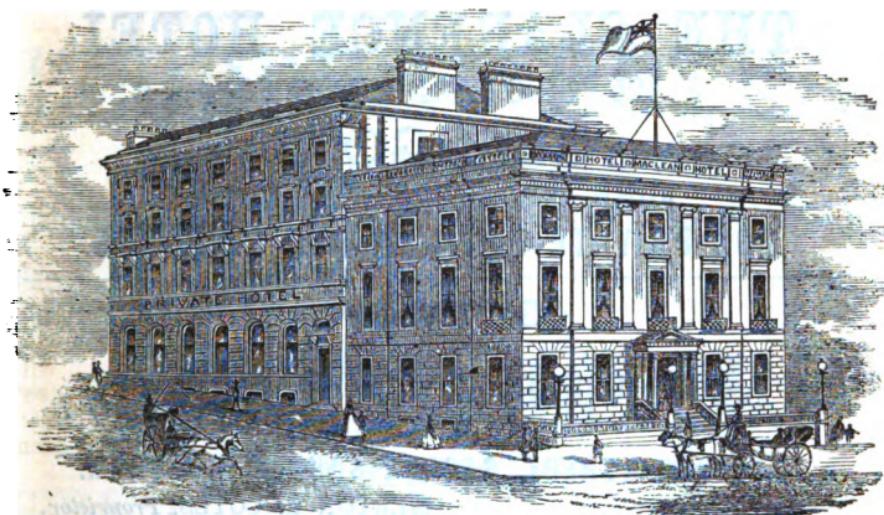
OMNIBUSES from MOUND, EDINBURGH, EVERY HALF-HOUR.

TO TOURISTS IN GLASGOW.

*Tourists and Strangers in Glasgow will find a large variety of
Stereoscopic and Album.*

**VIEWS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY,
GUIDE-BOOKS,
MAPS, & CLAN TARTAN WORK,
AT JAMES REID'S,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
144 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.**

 *Fourth Shop West of Buchanan Street.*



MACLEAN'S HOTEL, 198 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW,

FOR Families and Gentlemen, in the immediate neighbourhood of Blythswood Square, and within five minutes of the termini of the various Railways and Steamboat Wharves.

JAMES MACLEAN, Proprietor.

CITY COMMERCIAL DINING ROOMS,

54 & 60 UNION STREET, AND 35 MITCHELL STREET, GLASGOW.

ONE of the most Extensive and Comfortable Dining Establishments in Scotland, capable of accommodating upwards of 2000 Visitors daily.

Breakfasts, Dinners, and Teas, served with comfort, economy, and despatch.

Bill of Fare—EXTRA MODERATE.

LADIES' PRIVATE DINING-ROOM.

GENTLEMEN'S LAVATORY.

No Gratuities to Waiters.

MATTHEW WADDELL, Proprietor.

GLASGOW. JAMES BROWN,

For 9 Years Buyer and Salesman for Gardner & Co., Opticians, Buchanan St.
76 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

OPTERA and Field Glasses, Telescopes, Thermometers, Barometers, Stereoscopes, and Stereographs of Scottish and Foreign Scenery, Pocket Compasses, etc. etc.

N.B.—Spectacles and Eye-Glasses fitted by means of an improved Optometer. The 4to Album, to hold 200 portraits, price 10s. 6d., is the best value made.

**THE CLARENCE HOTEL,
25 GEORGE SQUARE,
GLASGOW.**

JOHN MACGREGOR, Proprietor.

FOR PRIVATE FAMILIES AND TOURISTS.

GLASGOW.

HANOVER HOTEL,



HANOVER STREET, GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.

MERTON R. COTES, *Proprietor.*

"The Editor of *Bradshaw* highly recommends this Hotel for its Superior Arrangements, Excellent Management, and Domestic Comforts."—7th Sept. 1871.

"First-Class Hotel for Families and Gentlemen," replete with the comforts of Home.—*Murray's Guide to Scotland*, 1871.

"Quiet Family Hotel," combining excellence in every department.—*Black's Guide to Scotland*, 1871.

**CROW HOTEL,
GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.**

THIS House is situated in the very centre of the City. For Tourists and Families it is unsurpassed for Comfort and Moderate Charges.

D. DEWAR, *Proprietor.*

TO TOURISTS.

**A. DUTHIE, Photographic Publisher,
56 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW,**
(First Door from Line of Tramways.)

has the **LARGEST** and the most carefully selected Stock in SCOTLAND of
PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY.

Tourists will do well to inspect A. DUTHIE's Stock before making their purchases.
Trade and Price Lists forwarded on application.

FORSYTH'S
"COBDEN" HOTEL,
81 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,

Is one of the Largest FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTELS in the West of Scotland.

FORSYTH'S
QUEEN'S HOTEL,
2 YORK STREET, BELFAST,

A newly appointed Family and Commercial Hotel, affording very superior accommodation, and situated in the healthiest locality in Belfast.

CARRICK'S ROYAL HOTEL,
50 GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.

(Opposite the General Post Office.)

This Old-established Family Hotel is delightfully situated for Gentlemen and Families.

The Charges are Fixed and Moderate.

JAMES CARRICK, Proprietor.

HIS LORDSHIP'S LARDER AND HOTEL,
10 ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEAS, OYSTER, FISH, and TRIPE SUPPERS. Good Rooms for Dinner and Supper Parties.

Excellent Bed-rooms. Lavatory in Coffee-Room. Good Smoking-Room. Charges Moderate.

Within Two Minutes' Walk of Union Railway Station, Dunlop Street.

J. SALMON.

INVERNESS.

MACDOWELL'S RAILWAY STATION HOTEL.

Patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

PARTIES travelling from South to North, and *vice versa*, will find this very large and handsome Hotel adjoining the Station, whereby they can arrive at, or depart from, the Hotel under cover. The house was specially built for a Hotel, is elegantly furnished with all modern improvements, and contains numerous suites of private and public rooms, includes

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S COFFEE-ROOM,
SMOKING-ROOMS, BILLIARD-ROOMS, BATH-ROOMS, &c.**

Over 100 beds can be made up. Table d'Hote daily.

An Omnibus attends the Steamers.

INVERNESS.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL,

(TWO MINUTES' WALK FROM THE RAILWAY STATION).

THIS well-known first-class family Hotel, patronised yearly by the best families of Europe, has recently undergone extensive alterations, additions, and improvements. A large and elegant Dining-Saloon and Ladies' Drawing-Room, also a spacious Billiard and Smoking Room.

In point of situation this Hotel has the best view of the Ness and surrounding scenery in Inverness.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

TABLE D'HOTE DAILY, AND DINNERS À LA CARTE.

An Omnibus attends all the Canal Steamers.

JOHN MENZIES,
Proprietor.

INVERNESS—ROYAL HOTEL.

Opposite the Railway Station.

MR. D. CAMPBELL, in returning thanks to his numerous Patrons, begs to inform Private Families, Tourists, and others, that they will find every comfort and convenience usual at a First-Class Hotel at his Establishment.

The Hotel is situate *immediately opposite* the Railway Station, in the most open and airy part of the Town, and all the apartments are commodious and lofty.

Mr. Campbell begs particularly to direct attention to the annexed scale of charges:—

Breakfast.	1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.	Tea	1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Luncheon.	1s. 6d. to 2s.	Parlour	2s. 6d. to 5s.
Dinner	2s. to 4s.	Bed-Room	1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.

WHISKY, PORT, and SHERRY, 5d. to 6d. per Glass.

BASS' BEER, 3d. per Glass, and 6d. and 8d. per Pint.

And all other Wines and Spirits of best qualities at similarly Low Rates.

Boots attends arrival of all Trains, and with Omnibus waits for Passengers per Caledonian Canal Steamers.

JERSEY.

MARINE HOTEL,

AND

ALEXANDRA AND EUGENIE BATHS,
ESPLANADE, ST. HELIERS. S. JEWELL, PROPRIETOR.

AS a first-class New Hotel, this magnificent Pile of Buildings stands unrivalled, containing large Sea Water Swimming Baths for Ladies and Gentlemen, as well as Hot Sea, Air, Medicated, and Fresh Water Baths, with a Ladies' Coffee Room; Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms for Gentlemen.

The Hotel has a fine frontage, with a southern aspect, and commands a beautiful view of the Bay of St. Aubin's, which tourists fitly describe as a "Miniature Bay of Naples." A spacious Promenade lies immediately in front, and at the side Public Gardens. It accommodates upwards of seventy persons, will be found replete with every comfort, and is highly recommended by Dr. Richard Hassall of London.

T A R I F F.

Charges per day (including Sea Bathing)	6s. 6d.
Attendance	1s. 3d.
Private Sitting Rooms, with Lights, and a Sea View, per day 3s., 4s., or 5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.
Visitors' Servants, per day	5s. 0d.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF WINES KEPT.

The Hotel Omnibus awaits the arrival of the Steamers.

KILKEE—LOWER SHANNON.

MOORE'S HOTEL.

TOURISTS purposing to visit the Delightful scenery of the Western Coast are respectfully informed that this Establishment has been fitted up in a style that will insure them all the accommodation and comfort of a City Hotel. A magnificent Public Drawing-room for Ladies, Billiard-room, Smoking-room, and several Bed-rooms, have recently been added, and every exertion is used by the Proprietor to secure from each individual a confirmation of the character his house bears.

Table d'Hôte during the Season.

Hotel Omnibus and Porter attend the Steamers.

Kilkee has high recommendation as a Route from KILLARNEY to CONNEMARA.

MOORE'S HOTEL, WELLINGTON SQUARE, KILKEE.

KILLARNEY RAILWAY HOTEL.

P. CURRY,

LATE TRAVELLERS' CLUB, LONDON, AND
KILDARE STREET CLUB, DUBLIN,

The Continental Languages spoken by the Manager.

THIS well-known Establishment, admitted to be one of the finest in Europe, possesses everything requisite to promote the comfort and convenience of Tourists. It contains one hundred Bed-rooms, a magnificent Coffee-room, a Drawing-room for ladies and families, and several elegant and handsomely furnished Sitting-rooms, Billiard and Smoking-rooms, Baths, &c. &c., and is surrounded by an extensive and well-kept Flower Garden.

The Charges will be found moderate.

The Boating and Carriage Accommodation is specially attended to by the Manager, who personally arranges the formation of Boating Parties, &c., with a view to economy.

The Porters of the Hotel await the arrival of each Train for the removal of luggage, &c.

Table d'Hote at half-past Six o'clock.

All Attendance charged.

A Room is established for the convenience of Commercial Gentlemen.

Parties taken as Boarders at Three Guineas per week, from 1st November to the 1st of June.

KILLARNEY LAKES.

By Her Most Gracious Majesty's Special Permission.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL,

Patronised by H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ; by H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR, on his recent visit to Ireland ; and by the Royal Families of France and Belgium, &c.

THIS HOTEL is situated on the Lower Lake, close to the water's edge, within ten minutes' drive of the Railway Station, and a short distance from the far-famed Gap of Dunloe.

TABLE D'HOTE DURING THE SEASON.

KILLIN, LOCH TAY, PERTHSHIRE.

KILLIN HOTEL,

BY RAILWAY FROM CALLANDER,

(One of the Finest Lines in Scotland for grandeur of Scenery.)

THIS Hotel is situated amongst some of the finest scenery in the Highlands, including Finlarig Castle, the burial-place of the Breadalbane Family ; Inch Buie, the burial-place of the old Clan M'Nab ; the Falls of Lochay, Auchmore House, Kennel House, the romantic Glenlyon, Glenlochay, Glendochart, Benlawers, and Benmore.

Salmon Fishing now open on Loch Tay.

AN OMNIBUS RUNS TO AND FROM ALL THE TRAINS.

The Posting and Hiring Establishment is complete.

JOHN MCPHERSON, Proprietor.

LIMERICK.

CRUISE'S ROYAL HOTEL.

J. J. CLEARY, PROPRIETOR.

THIS long-established and well-known FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is now conducted under the sole superintendence of the Proprietor, and possesses everything requisite to promote the comfort and convenience of the NOBILITY, GENTRY, and TOURISTS, and affords particular facilities to Commercial Gentlemen, having first-rate SHOW-ROOMS, together with MODERATE CHARGES.

Omnibuses attend all Trains, Steamers, etc. etc. etc. ; also a 'Bus attends the Night Mails for the convenience of Gentlemen coming by the late Trains.

N.B.—This is the PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN THE CITY, and is capable of accommodating over 150 persons, together with a splendid Suite of Drawing-Rooms.

HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS.

LANARK.

CLYDESDALE HOTEL.

FAMILIES, Tourists, and others visiting the Falls of Clyde, and other romantic scenery around Lanark, will find every comfort and attention at this old-established and first-class Hotel.

Suites of Apartments for special parties. Large well-aired Bed-rooms. A spacious Hall, suitable for accommodating large Excursion Parties. A 'Bus in attendance on all trains at Lanark Station.

Posting in all its Branches.

Orders by letter or telegram for conveyances to meet parties at Carstairs or Lanark Stations, who wish to be taken direct to the Falls, punctually attended to.

Tickets of Admission to the Falls, on either side of the River, supplied.

LANCASTER.

SLY'S KING'S ARMS HOTEL,

And General Posting Establishment,

FOR Families, Commercial Gentlemen, and Tourists. Visitors will find this old-established Hotel equally as economical as minor establish-ments, with the certainty of comfort and attention.

The Hotel is teeming with ancient works of art, including pictures, china, elaborately-carved oak furniture, Gobelins tapestry (acknowledged to be inferior to none in the United Kingdom), and which have elicited the admiration of all visitors, including the late Mr. CHARLES DICKENS ; and who stated that in all his travels he had never met with so remarkable a house, and such an interesting collection. See his "Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," in *Household Words*.

An Omnibus from the Hotel meets the Trains.

JOSEPH SLY, Proprietor.

Lancaster is half-way between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow. Parties holding tourists' tickets to and from the Lake District and Scotland, may break their journey for one night both going and returning.

LIZARD POINT, CORNWALL HILL'S HOTEL.

(LATE SKEWE'S HOTEL.)

THE Nobility, Gentry, and Tourists will find this Hotel replete with comfort and every accommodation, combined with Moderate Charges. Private apartments can be engaged by letter addressed, "To the Proprietor, the Lizard, Helstone." Trustworthy Guides to the famous Kynauer Cove specially kept. Posting in all its branches. Superior Wines and Spirits, and Bass and Alsopp's Ales. JAMES A. HILL, Proprietor.

LOCH AWE.

DALMALLY HOTEL, NEAR INVERARY, GLENORCHY.

D. FRASER begs to intimate to the Nobility, Gentry, and Tourists, that he has re-fitted and furnished the above Hotel in the most approved style for the accommodation of his visitors, and hopes, by strict attention and careful personal superintendence, to merit a continuance of public patronage.

The Hotel is beautifully situated on the main road between Oban and Killin, and commands unrivalled views of mountain scenery, which are unsurpassed for grandeur by any in Scotland. Coaches pass daily in summer to and from Inverary, Oban, the Pass of Glencoe, Fort-William, Loch Lomond, etc.; and among the places of interest in the immediate neighbourhood are, Kilchurn Castle, Falls of Orchy, Pass of Brander (where M'Dongal of Lorne attacked King Robert the Bruce), Fraoch Ellan, Loch Awe, etc. Passengers can only see Loch Awe by the Dalmally coaches in connection with the trains at Tyndrum or Crianlarich.

Tourists from Dalmally can visit Kilchurn Castle, the Falls of Orchy, the pass of Brander, or can make the ascent of Ben Cruachan and Ben Lui, and return the same day.

Omnibuses to meet the Loch Awe steamer. Excellent fishing on Loch Awe and the river Orchy, *free* to parties staying at the Hotel. Boats and experienced boatmen provided for visitors. Posting complete in all its departments. Carriages with careful and steady drivers can be had on shortest notice.

LOCH LOMOND.

ROWARDENNAN HOTEL, FOOT OF BEN-LOMOND.

B. JARRATT having taken a new lease of the above Hotel, begs to return his sincere thanks to Tourists and others who have so kindly patronised him for the last five years. Rowardennan is the best and shortest road to Ben-Lomond, and the only place where Ponies can be had, by which parties can ride with ease and safety to the top; the distance being only four miles to the very summit.

The Lochlomond Steamers call at the Rowardennan Wharf six times a-day on their route up and down the Loch.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

PERTHSHIRE



BALQUHIDDER

LOCHEARNHEAD HOTEL,

BY RAILWAY FROM CALLANDER.

FIRST-CLASS accommodation for Families. Every comfort and quiet. This Hotel lying high and dry, placed at the head of the Loch, commands fine views, and is in the neighbourhood of many places of interest; the Scenery of the Legend of Montrose, Rob Roy's Grave, Old Church of Balquhidder, several Lochs, and fine Walks and Drives.

BOATS FOR FISHING FREE OF CHARGE. OMNIBUS TO EVERY TRAIN.

Letters by Post immediately attended to.

R. DAYTON.

 LOCHLOMOND.
 INVERARNAN HOTEL.
 HEAD OF LOCHLOMOND.

THIS is the only landing-place on the Lake for the Coaches to Glencoe, Ballachulish, Fort-William, Killin, Kenmore, and Aberfeldy; the nearest starting-point for the Dalmally and Oban Coaches—all of which start daily from the Hotel, where seats are secured, maps of routes, and all necessary information, supplied. Parties intending to proceed by either of the above routes would do well to be at Inverarnan the previous evening, so as to secure seats. The comfort and attention afforded at this Hotel, which is newly furnished, are equal to what can be enjoyed at any Lake or other Hotel in the Highlands. The Hotel is situated in the midst of mountain scenery, which for grandeur and beauty cannot be surpassed. It has convenient and easy access to Loch Katrine and the Trossachs; and adjacent are the Falls of Falloch, Rob Roy's Birthplace and Cave—all so much admired by Tourists.

Posting in all its Branches.

A Bus waits the arrival of the Steamers during the Season.

Fishing on the Falloch; Boats for the Lake.

EDWARD M'CALLUM, PROPRIETOR,

LOCHLOMOND.

TYNDRUM HOTEL, A. FLETCHER.

THE above Hotel is 12 miles from the Head of Loch Lomond, on the road to Glencoe, Fort-William, Dalmally, Oban, Inverary, Callander, Killin, and Kenmore. The accommodation has lately been enlarged.

Trout-fishing on Lochen Nabea, about a mile from the Hotel, where Boats are kept; also fishing on the River Fillan.

Postage in all its Departments. Horses also to be had at Inveroran, and at King's House Inn, on the "Black Mount" road to Glencoe.

LOCHLOMOND.

INVERORAN HOTEL, ARGYLESHERE.

KENNETH M'RAE begs respectfully to intimate that he has taken a Lease of the above Hotel, which has been newly Furnished and otherwise greatly added to and improved. Tourists and Gentlemen staying at the Hotel are allowed the privilege of Fishing (free of charge) in the beautiful river Orchy, one of the best Salmon rivers in the west of Scotland. Coaches to and from Lochlomond, Fort-William, and Ballachulish pass the Hotel daily during the season. First-class Post Horses and Carriages. Letters for Rooms, &c., punctually attended to.

WILSON'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY.

PANORAMAS.

THE above, with short descriptive letterpress, bound in green cloth covers, forming an excellent Souvenir or gift-book, may be had of the following places—

CABINET OR OCTAVO SIZE.

Aberfeldy, Taymouth, and Glenlyon.
Abbotsford.
Blair-Athole.
Braemar and Balmoral.
Callander.
Dunkeld.
Dryburgh Abbey.
Edinburgh.
Glencoe.

Killiecrankie.
Loch Katrine and Trossachs.
Melrose Abbey.
Oban.
Scottish Lochs.
Skye.
Souvenir of Burns.
Souvenir of Scott.
Staffa and Iona.

Stirling and vicinity.

SMALLER SIZE, 12mo.

Balmoral and Braemar.
Dunkeld.
Killiecrankie.
Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.
Loch Katrine and Trossachs.

Melrose Abbey.
Souvenir of Scott.
Souvenir of Burns.
Staffa and Iona.
Skye.

Sold by all Booksellers and Agents in the districts which the views illustrate.

LOCHLOMOND.

TARBET HOTEL,

(OPPOSITE BEN-LOMOND))

A. M'PHERSON, Proprietor,

IS the finest and most commodious Hotel on the Lake, and commands the best View of Ben-Lomond.

Coaches direct for the far-famed Glencroe, Inverary, and Oban, will commence running early in June, leaving this Hotel immediately on arrival of the 10.15 A.M. Steamer, in connection with the 6.15 A.M. Train from Edinburgh, and the 7.35 A.M. from Glasgow.

The Coaches from Oban and Inverary also arrive at this Hotel in time for the 5 P.M. Steamer down Lochlomond for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the south. Tourists *en route* for Trossachs and Callander can leave per 10.15 A.M. Steamer, next morning, in connection with the Steamer down Loch Katrine.

Small Boats on the Lake, and Guides to Ben-Lomond, to be had at the Hotel.—May 1872.

LOCHLOMOND.

BALLOCH HOTEL, FOOT OF LOCHLOMOND.

Patronised by the Empress of the French.

THE above first-class Hotel is beautifully situated at the foot of the “Queen of Scottish Lakes,” within four miles of the Hill of Doneryne, from which the Finest View of Lochlomond can be obtained, and at an easy distance from the Railway Station. Visitors will have every comfort combined with moderate charges. Parties purposing to proceed by first Steamer up Lochlomond would do well to arrive at the Hotel the previous evening.

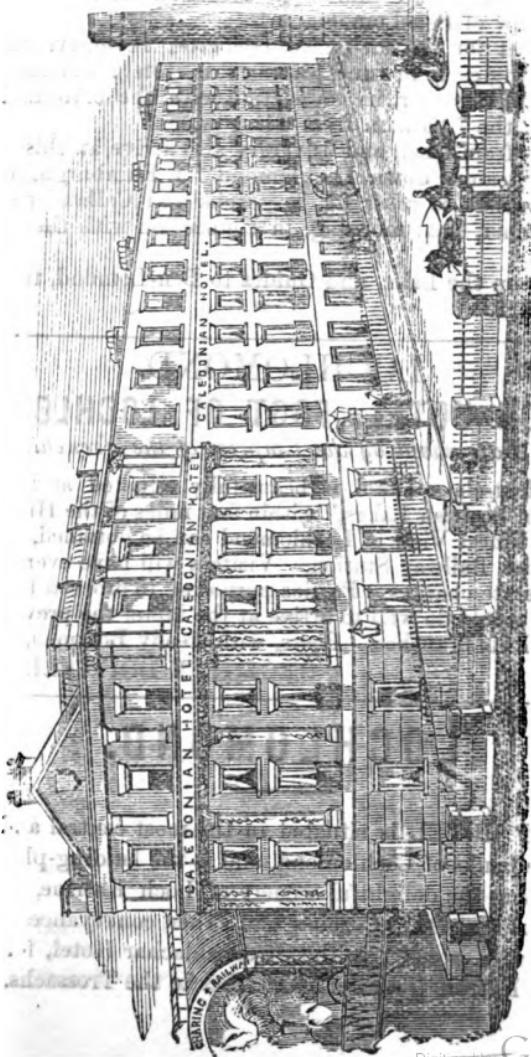
Posting in all its branches. Boats, with steady Boatmen, for the Lake.

GEORGE M'DOUGALL, Proprietor.

LOCHLOMOND.

INVERSNAID HOTEL is situated in the most central and picturesque parts of the banks of Lochlomond, and is the landing-place for tourists and others visiting the delightful scenery of Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, Clachan of Aberfoyle, etc. Coaches and other conveyances are always in readiness for parties crossing to the Stronachlachar Hotel, for the Steamer plying on Loch Katrine from Coalbarns Pier to the Trossachs.

THE "CALEDONIAN HOTEL, ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, STRAND.



THIS First-class Hotel, overlooking the *Thames Embankment* (now the *Victoria Embankment*), and in close proximity to the Charing Cross Terminus, the Houses of Parliament, Law Courts, and Theatres—also within 15 minutes' ride, per Metropolitan District Railway, of the *Exhibition and Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington*, is peculiarly adapted for Families visiting the Metropolis, Members of Parliament, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., being most quietly and cheerfully situated, and containing large and small Suites of Apartments complete in themselves; a spacious and cheerful Coffee Saloon facing the River; and Smoking Rooms.

The Wines and Spirits have been selected with great care, and are of a superior description; *Moet's Champagne*, 1*st* quality, 8*s*, and *All* other Wines at like moderate prices. Beds, from 2*s*; *Cold Meat Breakfast*, 2*s*; *Hot ditto*, 2*s* 6*d*; *Fish, Poultry, and Game*, extra. Private Sitting-rooms, from 3*s*. per day. *Attendance*, 1*s*. *Table d'Hôte* Daily at 6 P.M. *A Night Porter* in attendance.

GEORGE STATES, MANAGER,

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON.

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS HOTEL.

THIS favourite and beautifully situated Hotel, which has lately had extensive alterations, additions, and improvements, combines with moderate charge all necessary means for the accommodation and comfort of *Families and Tourists*. The splendid Table d'Hôte and Coffee Room, Reading Rooms, Ladies' Drawing-Room, and several private Sitting Rooms, range in long front overlooking the sea, and looking into the extensive private grounds of the Hotel. Here the visitor commands uninterrupted views of the Bristol Channel, the Tors, and the Valleys of the East and West Lynns, and the Coast of South Wales, etc. The Hotel is also most conveniently situated as a centre for visiting all the places of interest in the district.

POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Coaches during the season to Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, and the West Somerset Railway.

JOHN CROOK, Proprietor.

MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE.**IVATTS AND JORDAN'S NEW BATH HOTEL.**

THIS First-Class Family House is situated in the most open part of the Valley, surrounded by its own Grounds and Gardens, and commanding the finest views of the grand and picturesque Scenery for which Matlock Bath stands unrivalled.

A DRAWING-ROOM FOR LADIES.

Coffee Room, detached Smoking and Billiard Rooms.

TABLE D'HOTE DURING THE SEASON.

A Large Natural Tepid Swimming and Hot Bath in the Hotel.

Excellent Stabling and Coach Houses. Posting in all its Branches.

*An Omnibus to and from each Train.***BOOK FOR MATLOCK BATH, NOT MATLOCK BRIDGE.****MATLOCK.**

HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION, Matlock Bank, continues to be carried on by Mr. and Mrs. SMEDLEY and a Resident Hydropathic Physician, M.D.C.M. The most extensive Saloons, the largest and most airy Bedrooms in the Kingdom; Public and Private Drawing and Dining Rooms; private Sitting Rooms, connected with Bedrooms. Splendid Views. Equal Temperature throughout the year. Charges less than other large Establishments. Prospectus free by Post.

MALVERN.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL,

RAILWAY STATION, GREAT MALVERN.

THIS Hotel contains upwards of one hundred Bed-Rooms, Drawing-Rooms, Bed and Dressing Rooms, and Closets, *en suite*, a Ladies' Coffee-Room, a Gentlemen's Coffee-Room, Table d'Hote, Reading and Billiard Rooms, etc., etc.

The building is surrounded by its own ornamental grounds, flower-gardens, lawns, and terraces, and commands unequalled views of the whole range of the Malvern Hills on one side, with the expansive and charming valley scenery of Worcestershire, bounded by the Bredon and Cotswold Hills, on the other.

Of Great Malvern—the salubrity of the air and the purity of the water, its invigorating effects in summer and winter, and the beauties of the place—it is superfluous to speak. As a winter residence, also, the dryness and high temperature of Malvern are shown by conclusive and trustworthy testimony, and are confirmed by comparative tables of winters in other localities.

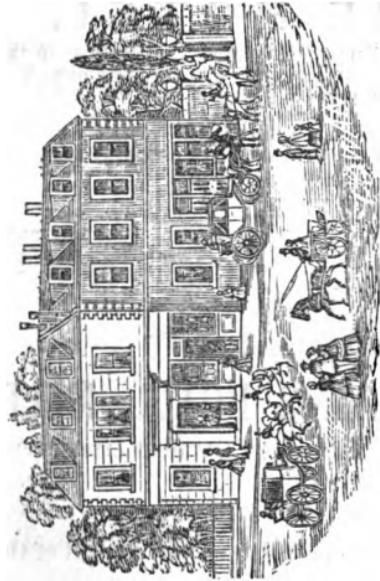
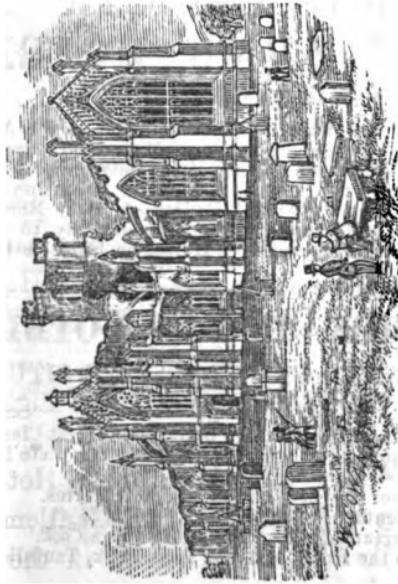
The new Stables belonging to the Company are now open, and comprise first-class accommodation for horses and carriages. Carriages, Saddle-horses, and Flies may be had at the Hotel.

A covered way conducts the visitor from the railway station to the Hotel.

Porters attend every train, to convey passengers' luggage to the Hotel.

To meet the wishes of numerous visitors to the Hotel, the Proprietors have decided to take Ladies and Gentlemen as Boarders during the season, on the terms stated in the tariff, which will be forwarded upon application.

THE ABBEY HOTEL,



ABBEY-GATE, MELROSE.

THIS large and commodious Hotel is built on the Abbey grounds, at the entrance to the famous Ruins, and only two minutes' walk from the Railway Station.

Parties coming to the Hotel are cautioned against being imposed upon by Cab-drivers and others at the Railway Station and elsewhere, as this is the only Hotel which commands a view of Melrose Abbey.

An extensive addition having been lately built to this Establishment, overlooking the Ruins, consisting of Suites of Sitting and Bed Rooms, it is now the largest and most comfortable Hotel in Melrose, and the charges are moderate. There has also been added a large Public Coffee-Room; and a Ladies' Coffee-Room adjoining.

Wines, Spirits, etc., of the choicest qualities,
One-Horse Carriage to Abbotsford and Back, 6s. 6d. To Dryburgh and Back, 7s. 6d.

These Charges include Drivers and Tolls. An Omnibus attends all Trains.

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, Proprietor.

M E L R O S E .
G E O R G E H O T E L .

J. MENZIES begs to call the attention of Strangers visiting Melrose to the comforts of this Establishment, being the only Hotel in Melrose patronised by the Royal Family and the Empress of the French, etc. etc.

As advertisements often mislead Strangers, J. MENZIES would advise Tourists generally, on arriving at Melrose, to judge for themselves. The additions and alterations that were recently being made on the premises have now been completed.

Carriages of every Description.

F A M I L Y C O F F E E - R O O M .

April 1872.

J. MENZIES.



CLEAVER'S KING'S ARMS HOTEL, MELROSE.

Carriages of every description for Hire. An Omnibus attends every Train Free of Charge.

One-Horse Carriage to Abbotsford and back, 6s. 6d. Do. to Dryburgh and back, 7s. 6d.

Dinners, Luncheons, &c., promptly provided on the Arrival of the Trains.

MOFFAT SPA, DUMFRIESSHIRE, N.B.

ANNANDALE ARMS HOTEL.

ROBERT NORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

TOURISTS and Visitors to this famous Watering-place will find at the Annandale Arms Hotel first-class Accommodation, combined with Moderate Charges. Commercial Gentlemen will find every attention to their convenience and interests. Omnibuses meet the Trains at Beattock Station. A Summer Excursion Omnibus runs along the route—passing “Craigieburn Wood,” Bodesbeck, Grey Mare’s Tail— to St. Mary’s Loch, each Tuesday and Saturday. Omnibuses ply to the Wells every morning. Carriages of all kinds; Job and Post Horses on hire. A First-class Billiard Room on the premises.

NORTH BERWICK—ROYAL HOTEL.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE AND FINEST MARINE SITUATION
IN SCOTLAND.

THIS extensive and commodious erection, recently built for a First-Class Family Hotel, replete with all modern appliances, is one of the most complete Provincial Hotels in the Kingdom.

Families, &c., Boarded per Day or Week on Moderate Terms.

Apartments “En Suite.”

* *Cuisine under the superintendence of a First-Class man Cook.*

The Golfing Links are adjacent to the Hotel, and the Bass Rock, Tantallon Castle, &c. &c., are at short distances.

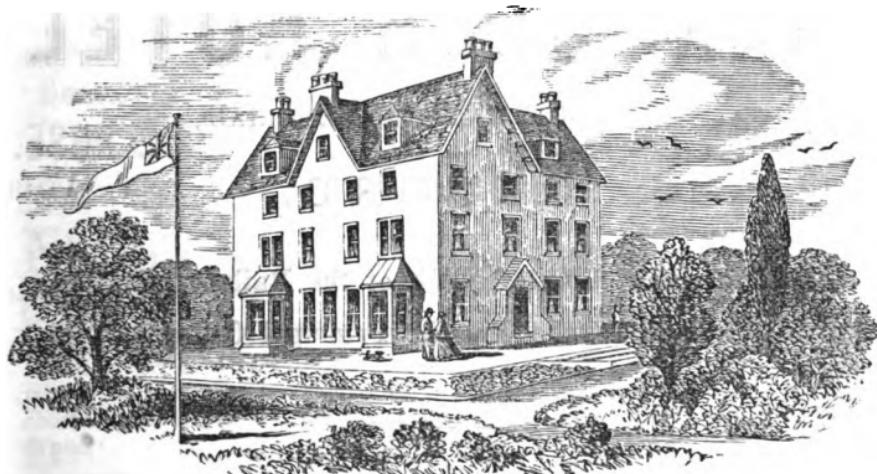
The Walks and Drives are varied and interesting.

A. M'GREGOR.

OBAN.

THE ALEXANDRA
NEW FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.
L. G. M'ARTHUR, PROPRIETOR.

**THIS HOTEL COMMANDS THE FINEST VIEW
 IN OBAN.**



OBAN—CRAIG-ARD HOTEL,
R. MACLAURIN, Proprietor.

TOURISTS and Strangers visiting the West Highlands will find that, whether as regards Situation, Comfort, or Accommodation, combined with moderate charges, this elegant Hotel, built expressly for summer Visitors, cannot be surpassed, while it commands an extensive view of the beautiful Bay of Oban and other romantic scenery in the neighbourhood. The Hotel is situated on an elevated plateau near the Steam-boat Wharf, to which a new and convenient approach has been lately added. The Wines and Cuisine are of the first quality. French and German spoken at the Hotel. Table d'Hôte daily, on arrival of the swift Steamer from Glasgow.

N.B.—Apartments may be engaged by the week, or for a longer period, at a reduced scale.

CAMPBELL'S
GREAT WESTERN HOTEL,
OBAN

OXFORD.

In the Best and most Central part of the City.

RANDOLPH HOTEL

(OPPOSITE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL),

OXFORD.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Railway Stations,
and surrounded by the Principal Colleges.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATION.

CHARGES MODERATE.

LADIES' HANDSOME COFFEE-ROOM.

BILLIARD-ROOMS, BATHS, &C. &C.

GOOD STABLING, LOOSE BOXES, &c.

OMNIBUSES TO AND FROM EVERY TRAIN.

ANGUS'S IMPERIAL HOTEL, OBAN.

IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE STEAMBOAT PIER.

PENZANCE

Seaside Family Hotel and Superior Lodging-House. MOUNT'S BAY HOUSE, ON THE ESPLANADE.

NO expense or labour has been spared by the Proprietor. The house is furnished in the most modern style, is well supplied with Hot and Cold Baths, and replete with every accommodation suitable for Tourists to West Cornwall. All the Drawing-Rooms command an *uninterrupted* and *unsurpassed* View of St. Michael's Mount, and the whole of the magnificent bay. Invalids will find in MOUNT'S BAY HOUSE the comforts of a home, while the beauty and salubrity of the situation, and its nearness to the charming walks on the Sea-shore, render it a healthy and delightful residence.

Suites of Apartments for Families of Distinction.
Post Horses & Carriages.
CHARGES MODERATE.

E. LAVIN, PROPRIETOR.

PENZANCE—SEA-SIDE. QUEEN'S HOTEL.

(On the Esplanade.)

PATRONISED BY H. M. THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

THIS magnificent Hotel has recently been greatly enlarged, entirely re-arranged, and handsomely furnished, having a frontage of over 170 feet, all the rooms of which overlook the sea. It is the only Hotel that commands a full and uninterrupted view of Mount's Bay. Penzance stands unrivalled for the variety and quiet beauty of its scenery, whilst the mildness of its climate is admirably adapted to invalids. Apartments *en suite*. Ladies' Coffee-Room, Billiard-Room. Hot and Cold Baths. An Omnibus meets every train. Posting in all its branches. Yachts, &c.

HENRY BLACKWELL, Proprietor.

PENRITH.
CROWN HOTEL,

(Opposite the Post Office).

See Anthony Trollope's last work, "Sir Harry Hotspur."

THE best Family and Commercial Hotel in the North district, containing Ladies' Coffee-Rooms, Billiard-Room, and the largest Concert-Room in the County. *Via* Penrith is the best route to the whole of the Lake District. Ullswater Lake, one of if not the most beautiful and picturesque, being distant only six miles, to which a Coach runs twice daily during the season from this Hotel, meeting the Lake Steamboat and Trains. In the immediate vicinity of the town are Lowther Castle, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Lonsdale; Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, &c. &c.; and amongst other antiquities are Long Meg and her Daughter, the extensive and fine ruins of Brougham Castle, King Arthur's Round Table, &c. &c. Hawes Water and Airey Force are also within easy distance.

Post Horses, Carriages, &c. An Omnibus meets every Train.

J. WAGSTAFF, Proprietor.

PERTH.
POPLE'S ROYAL BRITISH HOTEL,

(OPPOSITE THE GENERAL STATION.)

Patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Arthur, and other Members of the Royal Family, and the leading Nobility of the Kingdom.

THIS FAMILY HOTEL has long stood pre-eminent; and the Proprietor would remark that the same care and unremitting attention, which are universally acknowledged by all who have patronised him, it will be his constant study to continue.

PERTH.

HENRY'S QUEEN'S HOTEL

Opposite the General Railway Station,

PERTH.

THAT IS THE HOUSE TO GO TO.

PORTMADOC.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,

CAMBRIAN RAILWAY STATION.

THE above new and splendid Hotel is now open for Visitors, Commercial Gentlemen, &c. It is handsomely furnished by an eminent London firm, with all new furniture, superior for elegance and comfort. It has a large and well-ventilated Billiard Room, spacious Coffee and Commercial Rooms, commanding spacious and varied scenery; also Private Sitting Rooms. All fitted with Patent Electric Bells. Shower, Hot, Cold, and other Baths at a moment's notice. Visitors staying at the Hotel have their luggage conveyed to and from the far-famed "Little Gauge" Ffestiniog Railway; and to and from the Port free of expense. Coach during the season to Beddgelert, Llanberis, and Bettws-y-coed.

W. CHALTON, Proprietor.



PITLOCHRIE—FISHER'S HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

PARTIES wishing to see the magnificent Scenery in this part of the Scottish Highlands will find this Hotel (to which large additions have been made) most convenient; for in one Drive they can visit the Falls of Tummel, the Queen's View on Loch Tummel, the far-famed Pass of Killiecrankie, Glen Tilt, the Falls of Bruar, etc.

Pitlochrie is on the direct route to Balmoral Castle, by Spittal of Glen-shee and Braemar, and to Taymouth Castle and Kinloch-Rannoch, by Tummel-Bridge.

Salmon and Trout Fishing on the Rivers Tummel and Garry, and on the Lochs in the neighbourhood.

JOB AND POST HORSES, AND CARRIAGES OF EVERY KIND, BY THE DAY, WEEK, OR MONTH.

Orders by Telegraph for Rooms or Carriages punctually attended to.

THE



ROYAL HOTEL

PLYMOUTH.

S. PEARSE, *Proprietor.*

Patronised by the English and all the Continental
Royal Families.

SPACIOUS COFFEE-ROOM

For LADIES and GENTLEMEN, and all Modern Requirements.

The best situation in Plymouth, and only
Three minutes' walk from the Station.

POSTING,

And First-class Accommodation for Horses and Carriages.

An Omnibus attends on all the Trains, and Carriages if
ordered.

PRESTON STATION.
RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

JAMES BOWLING begs most respectfully to thank the Public for their Patronage in the above Rooms, which are situated on both the Up and the Down Platform of the above station, and have large, commodious, and well-furnished Dining-Rooms attached to them; and he trusts that by attention to the choice character of the Refreshments provided, and the high quality of the Wines, &c., supplied, he may merit a continuance of the liberal support hitherto accorded to him.

** The Down and Up Day Scotch Expresses remain in Preston *Twenty Minutes*, for the purpose of allowing Passengers the opportunity of Dining.

RAMSGATE.
ROYAL ALBION HOTEL.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and the ROYAL FAMILY.

THE above old-established Family Hotel, facing the Harbour, and commanding fine sea views, acknowledged to be unrivalled for situation and comfort. Charges moderate. A spacious and elegant Coffee-Room for Ladies.

EDWARD TOMKINS,
Proprietor.

DUNOON.

WELLINGTON HOTEL.

THIS Commodious Hotel is well situated, commanding a magnificent view of the Firth of Clyde.

Visitors will have every comfort, combined with Moderate Charges.

**ROTHESAY—
 QUEEN'S**



JAMES ATTWOOD.

(Lately the Residence of Thos. D. Douglas, Esq.)

**WEST BAY.
 HOTEL.**

THE beauty and magnificent situation of this Residence, now the "Queen's," with the Pleasure Grounds and Gardens attached, are well known; and the Premises having been lately altered and put into complete repair, and Furnished as a First-Class HOTEL, TOURISTS and FAMILY PARTIES may depend on receiving superior accommodation.

 *Six Minutes' Walk from the Quay.*

RYDE

BELGRAVE FAMILY HOTEL,

RYDE—ISLE OF WIGHT.

W. SALTER & SONS, Proprietors.

SALISBURY.



WHITE HART HOTEL,

AN Old-established and well-known First-class Family Hotel, within half-a-minute's walk of the Close and Cathedral.

— A large and well-appointed Ladies' Coffee-Room is provided. A spacious Coffee-Room for Gentlemen.

Posting-master to Her Majesty. Carriages and Horses of every description. H. WARD.

SALISBURY.

THE

THREE SWANS FAMILY HOTEL.

A LADIES' COFFEE ROOM.

A Commodious Gentlemen's Coffee Room.

There is no Commercial Room in this Hotel, neither is it a Limited Liability Company.

HENRY FIGES, *Proprietor.*

SKYE—PORTREE.

ROYAL  HOTEL.

THIS well-known Hotel, recently improved for the comfort of Tourists, is situated near the Steamboat Wharf, on an elevated plateau, and commands a fine view of the bay. Coaches leave the Hotel daily for Sligachan near Coruisk, and Uig near Quiraing, during the tourist season ; Fares, threepence per mile for three or more.

LACHLAN ROSS, *Proprietor.*

SKYE.

THE PORTREE HOTEL.

PROPRIETOR, A. CAMPBELL (LATE OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH).

THE Royal Mails leave the Hotel daily for Dunvegan, Sligachan (near Coruisk), and Uig (near Quiraing), in connection with the trains from the south.

Posting in all its Branches carried on from the Hotel.

SLIGO.

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

THIS long-established and well-known Hotel is conducted on the most approved system. The Proprietress begs to solicit the Patronage of Families and Commercial Gentlemen, and trusts, by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit their Patronage. A Coffee-room for Ladies. Posting in all its branches. The "Imperial" Omnibus awaits the arrival and departure of each Train.

STIRLING—GOLDEN LION HOTEL.

CAMPBELL'S, LATE GIBB'S.

D. CAMPBELL begs to return his best thanks for the liberal patronage he has received during the many years he has been Proprietor of this old-established Hotel, and respectfully intimates that many improvements have been effected in the House, rendering it complete in every department, as a residence for Families, Tourists, &c.

A large Coffee-Room for Ladies and Gentlemen.

The Hotel is in the principal Street, near all the Public Offices and the Railway Station. A Conveyance awaits the arrival of all Trains and Steamers.

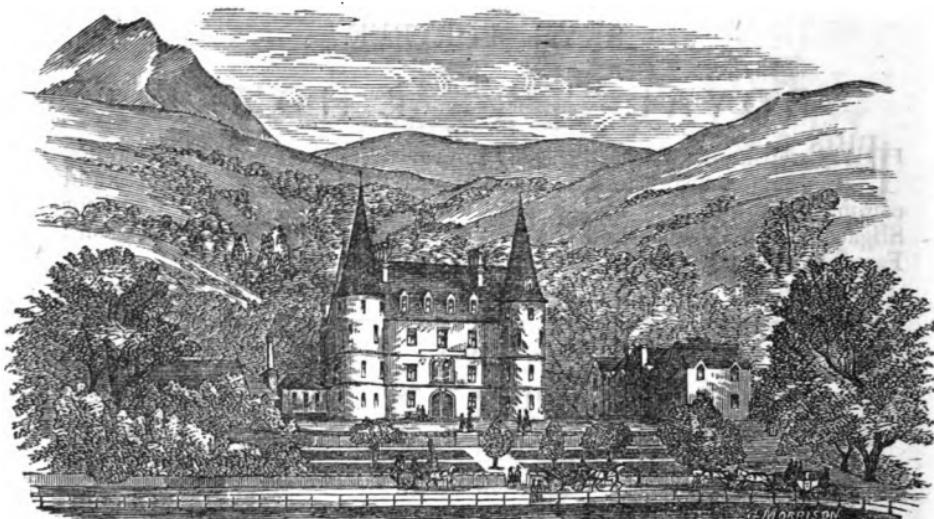
D. C.'s Posting and Carriage Establishment is complete, and parties writing for conveyances or apartments may depend on the order being carefully attended to.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

APRIL 1872.

D. CAMPBELL, *Golden Lion Hotel, King Street, Stirling.*

See Shearer's Illustrated Guide to Stirling, 1s.



THE TROSSACHS HOTEL, LOCH KATRINE. A. BLAIR, PROPRIETOR.

TROSSACHS. STRONACHLACHAR HOTEL, LOCH KATRINE.

ALEXANDER FERGUSON begs to return his sincere thanks to Tourists and others for their liberal support for the last twenty years (since the above Hotel was opened). It is beautifully situated at the head of Loch Katrine, and commands the most extensive view of the Lake. The Hotel is comfortably fitted up, and Tourists may depend on receiving every comfort and attention combined with moderate charges. Parties staying here will find it very central for visiting the following places of interest—Trossachs, Helen's Isle, Clachan of Aberfoyle, Loch Ard, Loch Chon, Ben Lomond, &c.; the distance to the Trossachs being ten miles, to Loch Lomond five miles, and to Aberfoyle twelve miles. There is excellent Trout-fishing to be had in Loch Katrine from May to the end of September, and Fishing Boats with experienced Boatmen are always kept in readiness. During the season, Coaches run to and from Inversnaid in connection with all the Steamers on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.

CARRIAGES AND OTHER CONVEYANCES KEPT FOR HIRE.
MAY 1872.

STIRLING.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THIS Old-established First-Class Hotel is conveniently situated, being within three minutes' walk of the Railway Station, and is patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family.

Please address Letters in full to

A. CAMPBELL, ROYAL HOTEL, STIRLING.

MAY 1872.

**TIGH-NA-BRUAICH HOTEL,
KYLES OF BUTE.**

BEAUTIFULLY situated amidst romantic scenery. Tourists and Families will find every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

Boats, Stabling, etc.

MRS. JANE BENNETT, successor to
JOHN PARKER, *late Proprietor.*

WELLS, SOMERSET.

**THE SWAN HOTEL
AND POSTING HOUSE,
(FACING THE CATHEDRAL).
FRED. C. GEORGE, Proprietor.**

WELLS is situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills, 20 miles from Bath, 21 miles from Bristol, 8 miles from the famous Cheddar Cliffs, and 6 miles from Glastonbury Abbey. There are three railways running into the city—Great Western, South-Western (in connection with the Somerset and Dorset), and the Bristol and Exeter.

Those wanting real retirement and change of scene cannot do better than transport themselves to the *Swan Hotel*, Wells, Somerset, an excellent Hostelry.—See *John Bull*, April 13th, 1872.

WINDERMERE.

CLOUDSDALE'S CROWN HOTEL.

*Patronage—Royalty, American Presidents, etc.*Government Postal Telegraph Office in the Hotel, close to the
Lake and Steamer piers.**NINETY BEDS.**

Table d'Hote Daily at 6 p.m.

WINDSOR.

ASCOT HOTEL.

ROYAL HOTEL, ASCOT HEATH.

The healthiest spot in England. Superb drives. Perfect comfort
and quietude.*To London in 36 Hours, every Wednesday and Saturday.*

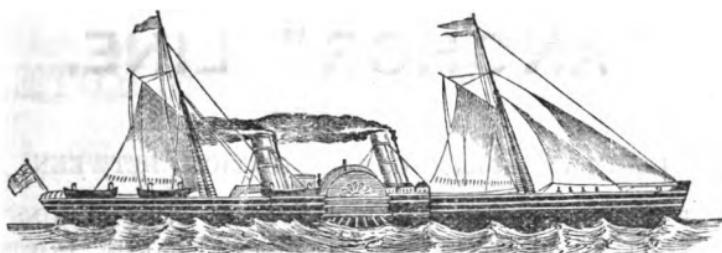
A B E R D E E N A N D L O N D O N .

THE undernoted, or other of the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company's Steam-Ships,
will be despatched (weather, etc., permitting) every Wednesday and Saturday from
each end.Ban-Righ - - - Captain J. Marchant | City of London (New) - Captain J. Warn.
*Passage Fares.*Single Tickets—First Cabin (including Steward's Fee), 25s. ; Second Cabin (do.), 15s.
Return Tickets, available for Twenty-eight Days—First Cabin (including Steward's Fee)
37s. 6d. ; Second Cabin (do.), 25s. Children under 13 years of age Half-fare.SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Passengers in proceeding to the Steamers in London are respectfully requested to pay no attention whatever to Watermen and others who endeavour by various pretences to induce them to leave their Cabs before reaching the Wharf; but to order the Cabman under all circumstances to drive direct to the Aberdeen Steam Wharf, 257 Wapping.*Further particulars may be learned on application to CHAS. SHEPHERD, Agent, 257
Wapping, London; or to JOHN SMITH, Manager,
ABERDEEN, April 1872. Waterloo Quay, Aberdeen.

Inverness and the North, via Aberdeen.

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

PASSENGERS are booked between LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and other Through
Booking Stations in England and Scotland, and Inverness and the North, via
Aberdeen, at the same Through Fares as via Dunkeld.*Ask for Tickets via Aberdeen, and see Luggage labelled by that Route.*



P O R T O F S I L L O T H.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN
DUBLIN and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man)
 AND THE
NORTH of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND.

FIRST-CLASS Passenger Steamers (in connection with North British Railway trains) leave Dublin for Silloth every Monday and Thursday, and Silloth for Dublin every Tuesday and Saturday, calling off or at Douglas harbour each way.

The "Silloth Route" is the shortest sea-passage between Dublin or Douglas and the North of England and Scotland, and is in direct communication with the North British Railway trains for the Cumberland Lakes, Carlisle, Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Edinburgh, Hawthornden, Roslin, St. Andrews, Loch Leven, Perth, and all the popular Tourist Routes through Scotland.

For information as to starting of Trains and Steamers, see the North British Railway Company's monthly Time Tables, or apply to **A. NICHOLL**, 20 Eden Quay, Dublin, **G. BARRY**, Neville Chambers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, **JAS. BRUCE**, Carlisle Station, or to **R. DARLING**, North British Steam Packet Company's Office, 4 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

“ANCHOR” LINE.

REGULAR STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN
GREAT BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES, NEW BRUNSWICK,
NOVA SCOTIA, NORWAY, SWEDEN, FRANCE, PORTUGAL,
SPAIN, ITALY, SICILY, EGYPT, THE ADRIATIC, AND INDIA,

By the First-class Powerful Clyde-Built Screw Steam Ships

ACADIA	Capt. Tannoch.	IOWA	Capt. Ovenstone.
ALEXANDRIA	Capt. Mackay.	ISMALIA	Capt. Brown.
ANGRIA	Capt. Small.	ITALIA	(Now building.)
ASSYRIA	Capt. Smith.	NAPOLI	Capt. Edwards.
AUSTRALIA	Capt. Hedderwick.	OLYMPIA	Capt. Young.
BOLIVIA	(Now building.)	ROMA	Capt. Donaldson.
BRITANNIA	Capt. Greig.	SCANDINAVIA	
CALEDONIA	Capt. Ovenstone.	SCOTIA	Capt. Harvey.
CALIFORNIA	Capt. Craig.	SIDONIAN	Capt. Henderson.
CASTALIA	(Now building.)	TRINACRIA	Capt. Thomson.
COLUMBIA	Capt. Mackay.	TROJAN	Capt. MacQueen.
DOM PEDRO	Capt. Rutherford.	TYRIAN	Capt. Lawson.
DORIAN	Capt. Taylor.	UTOPIA	(Now building.)
ETHIOPIA	(Now building.)	VALETTA	Capt. Butler.
EUROPA	Capt. Campbell.	VENEZIA	Capt. Gordon.
INDIA	Capt. Munro.	VICTORIA	(Now building.)

ATLANTIC SERVICE.

STEAMERS leave GLASGOW for NEW YORK (calling at Moville, Lough Foyle, to embark passengers only) every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

From NEW YORK for GLASGOW every WEDNESDAY and every SATURDAY.

From GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, and LONDON, for HALIFAX, N.S., and ST. JOHN, N.B., ONCE A MONTH from March till September.

RATES OF PASSAGE for New York—Saloon Cabin, Saturday's Steamers, £13 : 13s. and £15 : 15s. ; Wednesday's Steamers, £12 : 12s. and £14 : 14s., according to the accommodation and situation of Berths. Return Tickets, Twenty, Twenty-Two, and Twenty-Four Guineas. For Halifax, N.S., and St. John, N.B.—Saloon Cabin, £13 : 13s.

INDIAN SERVICE.

STEAMERS leave GLASGOW Monthly for ALEXANDRIA, in connection with the Peninsular and Oriental and British India Steam Navigation Companies, Passengers being forwarded from SUEZ for BOMBAY, COLOMBO, MADRAS, CAL CUTTA, RANGOON, MOULMEIN, and all the Principal Seaport Towns in INDIA.

MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.

STEAMERS leave GLASGOW Weekly for LISBON, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, GENOA, LEGHORN, NAPLES, MESSINA, and PALERMO; Fortnightly for TRIESTE and VENICE; and Monthly for ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, and ALEXANDRIA. Cabin Fares to Lisbon, £6, 6s.; Gibraltar, £8, 8s.; Marseilles and Genoa, £12, 12s.; Leghorn, £13, 13s.; Naples, Messina, and Palermo, £14, 14s.; Trieste and Venice, £16, 16s.; Algiers, £10, 10s.; Tunis and Malta, £12, 12s.; Alexandria, £16, 16s.

RETURN TICKETS GRANTED AT REDUCED TERMS.—These Tickets entitle Passengers to break the journey at any Port or Ports, proceeding by the succeeding Steamers of the Company, till they reach their destination, and are available to return within Six Months from date of issue.—LIBERAL TERMS will be allowed to Tourist Parties numbering Four and upwards.

The Round Voyage by these Steamers, usually occupying about Seven Weeks, presents a Route of unequalled interest—LISBON, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, GENOA, LEGHORN, PISA, FLORENCE, ROME, NAPLES, SICILY, VENICE, and TRIESTE, being all embraced within the circles of their Sailings—and Passengers visiting the HOLY LAND will find this Route, via EGYPT, to be the cheapest and most expeditious.

MEDITERRANEAN AND ATLANTIC SERVICE.

STEAMERS are despatched from GENOA, LEGHORN, NAPLES, MESSINA, PALERMO, MARSEILLES, and GIBRALTAR, for NEW YORK, Once a Fortnight; and from TRIESTE and VENICE, for NEW YORK, Once a Month. STEAMERS also leave MALAGA, ALMERIA, VALENCIA, and DENIA, for NEW YORK, Once a Fortnight from August till March. Fares from Gibraltar, £16, 16s.; from Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Messina, Palermo, Trieste, and Venice, £21; from Malaga, Almeria, Valencia, and Denia, £18, 18s.

NORTH SEA SERVICE.

STEAMERS leave GRANTON Weekly, during the Season of open Navigation, for CHRISTIANIA and CHRISTIANSAND. Cabin Fares, £8, 8s.; Return Tickets, £5, 5s.

The Passage from Granton to Christiansand occupies only a day and a half; from Granton to Christiania, two days. Excursionists can spend either two, twelve, or twenty-two days in Norway, and with opportunities of visiting the capital cities of Norway and Sweden, and of enjoying the delightful summer climate of Scandinavia, amidst some of the finest scenery on the Continent of Europe.

Apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York, Chicago, Liverpool, Dundee, Leith, Granton, Drontheim, Christiania, and Gothenburg; STEINMANN & LUDWIG, Antwerp; MORRIS & Co., and BESSEMER & WERTHEIM, Hamburg; C. CLARK & CO., BOSTON; ROSENKILDE BROTHERS, Christiansand; LOWE BROTHERS, Civita Vecchia; WILLIAM MILLER, Florence and Leghorn; CHARLES FIGOLI, Genoa; JAMES GLASGOW & Co.; Gibraltar; MASCARENHAS & Co., Lisbon; THOMAS MACCULLOCH & SON, Malaga; WILLIAM JAFFRAY, Almeria; DART & Co., Valencia and Denia; O. F. GEORGE, Malta; T. O. NEILSON, Algiers; CESAR FOA, Tunis; FLEMING & Co., Alexandria; JULES PRISCH, Marseilles; HENRY JOHN ROSS and F. TAGLIAVIA & Co., Messina; HODGE & Co., Naples; PETER TAGLIAVIA, Palermo; BOWLES BROTHERS & Co., Paris; MACBEATH & Co., Rome; DE WAAL & VOORHIPS, Rotterdam; GREENHAM & ALLOD, Trieste; CHARLES D. MILES, Venice; STEWART, MARTIN, & ADAMS, 5 East India Avenue, London; or to

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TO
LONDON
FROM

Granton Pier, Edinburgh,

EVERY
WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY,
AT 8 P.M., BY



THE GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

SPLENDID AND SWIFT SCREW-STEAMSHIPS
STORK, HERON, and OSTRICH

(or other of the Company's Steamships).

And from IRONGATE WHARF, LONDON, for GRANTON PIER, every Wednesday and Saturday at 10 A.M.

These Vessels have excellent accommodation for Passengers. All the Chief Cabin Berths are in the Poop, and are thus well lighted and ventilated. Passengers are, in ordinary circumstances, landed at London on Friday and Monday mornings.

FARES.—FIRST CABIN, 15s. SECOND CABIN, 12s.

STATE ROOMS in the Poop, fitted up in superior style, for Families, 25s. each Berth.

DECK (Soldiers and Sailors only), 7s.

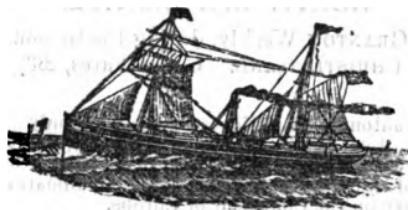
RETURN TICKETS, to be procured at the Offices, available for One Month—

First Cabin, 25s. ; Second Cabin, 20s.

OFFICES IN LONDON: Irongate Wharf, 37 Regent Circus, 71 Lombard Street. IN EDINBURGH: 21 Waterloo Place.

FARES

REDUCED.



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THE LONDON & EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY'S

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Sail from VICTORIA DOCK, LEITH, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon; and from HERITAGE STEAM WHARF, LONDON, every Wednesday and Saturday morning.

For Rates of Freight and Fares, apply to THOMAS AITKEN,
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*Under Contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of the
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RUNNING IN CONNECTION WITH THE

GRAND TRUNK, BALTIMORE AND OHIO, AND OTHER RAILWAYS,

*And forwarding Passengers on easy terms to all Stations in Canada and the Western
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“ SCANDINAVIAN.	“ AUSTRIAN.	“ MORAVIAN.	“ ST. DAVID.
“ PRUSSIAN.	“ GERMANY.	“ CORINTHIAN.	“ SWEDEN.
“ PERUVIAN.	“ CIRCASSIAN.	“ N. AMERICAN.	“ ST. ANDREW.
“ NESTORIAN.	“ NORWAY.	“ CASPIAN.	“ ST. PATRICK.

Sail from LIVERPOOL TO QUEBEC every Tuesday and Thursday, calling at LONDON-DERRY to embark Mails and Passengers.

LIVERPOOL TO NORFOLK (VIRGINIA) and BALTIMORE, *via* HALIFAX, every alternate Tuesday, calling at QUEENSTOWN to embark Mails and Passengers.—Cabin Fare to above Ports, £18 : 18s. and £15 : 15s. according to position of State-room.

GLASGOW TO QUEBEC every Tuesday, calling at DUBLIN to embark Passengers.—Cabin Fare, £18 : 18s. QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL every Saturday, calling at LONDONDERRY to land Mails and Passengers.—Cabin Fare, 80 Dollars and 70 Dollars.

BALTIMORE TO LIVERPOOL every alternate Tuesday.

RETURN TICKETS, available by either of above Routes, issued on very advantageous terms.

The Steamers of this Line are well known for their rapid passages. The Saloon and sleeping accommodation is unsurpassed for elegance and comfort, and the style of living is all that one could wish. Cabin fare, however, does not include Wines and Liquors, but they can be obtained on board on the usual terms.

THROUGH TICKETS can be issued to all parts of Canada and the United States.

BAGGAGE taken from the Ocean Steam-ships to the Railway Cars free of expense.

During the winter months—from the beginning of November until the first week in April—the Steamers go to Portland instead of Quebec, the same Railway facilities being in operation there for Through Booking to all parts of Canada and the States.

The route *via* Portland should specially commend itself to travellers to and from the EASTERN STATES; that *via* Quebec to those going to the WEST; and that *via* Norfolk and Baltimore to those going SOUTH.

For further particulars apply in Portland and Montreal to HUGH & ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec, to ALLANS, RAE, & Co.; in Baltimore, to A. SCHUMACHER & Co.; in Norfolk, to Colonel WM. LAMB; in Halifax, to S. CUNARD & Co.; in Havre, to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris, to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 16 Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co. or RICHARD BERNS; in Rotterdam, to G. P. ITTMANN & SON, or RUTS & Co.; in Hamburg, to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast, to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London, to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; or to

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STEAM to CAITHNESS and the ISLANDS OF ORKNEY and SHETLAND twice a-week from Granton Harbour (Edinburgh), and Aberdeen, by the Steamships "St. Magnus," "St. Nicholas," "St. Clair," and "Queen." To Wick every Monday and Friday, to Thurso every Monday, to Kirkwall and Lerwick every Tuesday and Friday. Fares very low. For further particulars apply to CHARLES SHEPHERD, Aberdeen Steam Wharf, 257 Wapping, London; GEORGE MATHIESON, Agent, 16 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and JOHN MILNE, Manager, Aberdeen.

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FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1824. Capital £5,000,000.

LONDON :	EDINBURGH :	DUBLIN :
37 CORNHILL.	47 GEORGE STREET.	52 DAME STREET.

THIS COMPANY is composed of a numerous and influential body of Proprietors, and has a large Subscribed Capital, so that unquestionable security is guaranteed to Insurers.

Invested Funds as at 1st August 1871, upwards of	£1,244,000
Annual Revenue from all Sources	251,668
Amount of Life Insurances in Force	4,800,000

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on moderate terms. The Company has a long-established character for Settling Losses promptly and liberally.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Five-Sixths of the Profits arising from the Whole Life Business are divided **EVERY FIVE YEARS** among Participating Policyholders, in the proportion each has contributed to the Fund.

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

GEORGE RAMSAY, Manager.
JAMES BARLAS, Secretary.

EDINBURGH, 6th December 1871.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all dealers throughout the World.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Incorporated by Royal Charter and Special Acts of Parliament.

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Vice Presidents. { HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.
 HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, K.G.

Chairman of General Court of Directors.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LAWRENCE, of the Punjab, G.C.B. and K.C.S.I.

Subscribed Capital.....	£2,000,000.
Paid-up Capital.....	250,000.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

DURING 1871 the Company issued 842 New Policies, assuring £777,413, the Premiums on which amounted to £24,888 9 8.

NINE-TENTHS of the Profits of the Life Assurance Business are divided amongst the Assured on the Participating Scale every Five Years.

At the last Investigation in 1870, the SURPLUS FUND amounted to £182,274 5 2, which yielded, according to the duration of the Policy, a Bonus at the rate of £1 : 5s. to £1 : 19s. per cent per annum on the original sum assured.

Policies effected on or before 31st December next will, in conformity with the rules of the Company, rank for Four Years' Profits in the Division which will fall to be made as at 31st December 1875.

THE ACCUMULATED FUNDS in the Life Department which, in terms of the Company's Act of Parliament 1870, are specially invested to meet the obligations of that Department, and are not liable for the obligations of the Fire Department, amounted, as at 30th December 1871, irrespective of the Paid-up Capital, to.... £2,146,256 2 11

ANNUITY DEPARTMENT.

72 new Bonds were issued during 1871 securing Annuities to the amount of £3,607 19 5	
For which was received the sum of	31,116 4 10
THE ANNUITY FUND, irrespective of the Paid-up Capital, amounts to... 246,583 2 10	

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE NETT PREMIUMS received during the year 1871 amounted to..... £660,618 6 2
During 1870 they were..... 555,179 6 11

Showing an increase for 1871 of..... £105,438 19 3

The FIRE RESERVE FUND and SUSPENSE ACCOUNT, after payment of all Losses and Expenses, and the Dividend for the year 1871, amount, irrespective of the Paid-up Capital, to..... £528,803 6 8

COPIES of the ANNUAL REPORT, PROSPECTUSES, and every information, may be obtained at the CHIEF OFFICES, BRANCHES, or AGENCIES of the COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICES:—

EDINBURGH.....	64 PRINCES STREET.
LONDON.....	61 THREADNEEDLE STREET.

EDINBURGH, April 1872.

DAVID SMITH, *General Manager.*
JOHN OGILVIE, *Secretary.*

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,

No. 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION is the only existing Office which combines the advantages of

MUTUAL ASSURANCE with MODERATE PREMIUMS.

Instead of charging rates admittedly higher than are necessary, and afterwards returning the excess, or a portion of it, in the shape of periodical Bonuses, it gives from the first as large an Assurance as the Premiums will with perfect safety bear, and reserves the Whole Surplus for those Members who live long enough to secure the common Fund from loss on account of their individual Assurances.

The PREMIUMS usually charged for £1000 will here, at most ages, assure £1200 to £1250 (with Profits) from the first—the difference being equivalent to an immediate "Bonus" of 20 to 25 per cent; while the effect of *reserving* the Surplus (instead of sharing it with all indiscriminately) has been, that Policies originally for £1000, which have shared at three Septennial Investigations, have already been increased to £1400, £1600, and even to £1800.

ITS TERMS are thus well calculated to meet the requirements of intending Assurers. They are specially adapted to the case of Provisions under Family Settlements, on marriage or otherwise, where it is of importance to secure from the first, for the smallest present outlay, a competent provision of definite amount, in the case of early death.

TABLE showing PROGRESS in the last Four Years.

In Year.	New Policies Issued.	Amount Assured.	Accumulated Fund at end of Year.
1868	1092	£541,127	£1,499,015
1869	1190	581,036	1,636,249
1870	1163	612,025	1,765,251
1871	1336	718,045	1,902,646

The Funds have thus increased by £400,000 in three years.

Reports, Tables of Rates, and full information, may be had on application.

JAMES WATSON, Manager.

EDINBURGH, April 1872.

FOUNDED 1815.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND**LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**

HEAD OFFICE—9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund exceeds Five Millions.

IT is very important that those who purpose availing themselves of the advantages offered by Life Assurance, should make a thorough examination of the real position and prospects of the Office inviting their confidence, keeping in view the two main points for consideration:—

Unquestionable Security, and

As Large Profits as the System of Life

Assurance admits.

The published Statements of this Society afford the means of a close and critical examination of its affairs, and include the following:—

1. Balance Sheet.	3. Revenue Account.
2. Full Table of Bonuses.	4. Full Table of Surrender Values.

Since 1815

POLICIES have been issued for TWENTY MILLIONS.

AND IT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO OBSERVE

that this great Business is not the result of amalgamation with other Offices, but has been obtained by direct transaction with Individual Members, whose eligibility has in every case been tested by Medical Examination, and approved of by the Directors.

In the Year 1871

**The Amount of New Sums Assured considerably exceeded
ONE MILLION STERLING.**

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Glasgow, 114 WEST GEORGE STREET.

Liverpool, 48 and 50 CASTLE STREET.

Belfast, 2 HIGH STREET.

Newcastle, GRAINGER STREET, WEST.

Manchester, 39 CROSS ST., KING ST.

Leeds, 21 PARK ROW.

Dundee, 53 REFORM STREET.

Birmingham, 29 BENNETT'S HILL.

Norwich, 48 ST. GILES CHURCH PLAIN.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, *Manager.*

J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

EDINBURGH, 1872.

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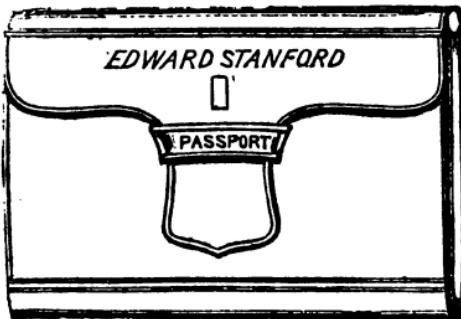
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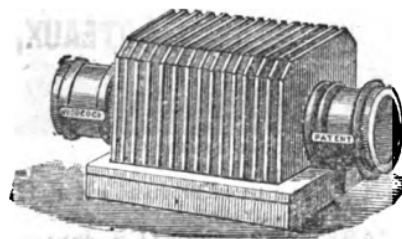
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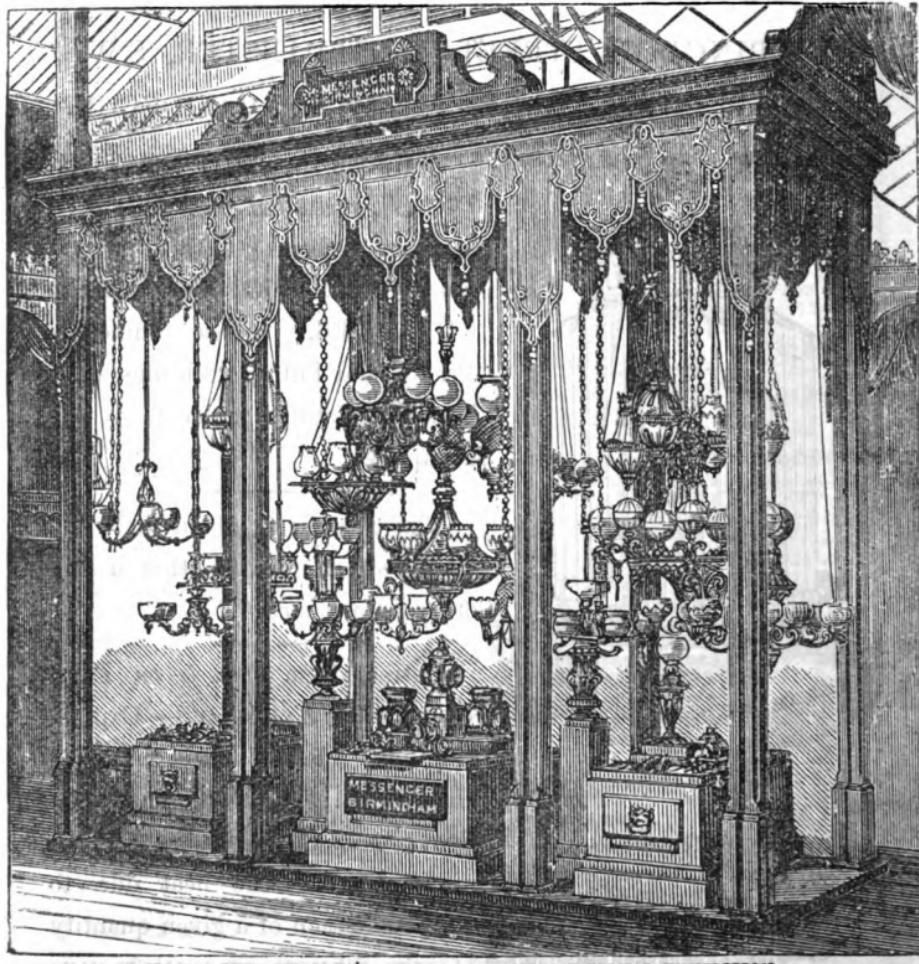
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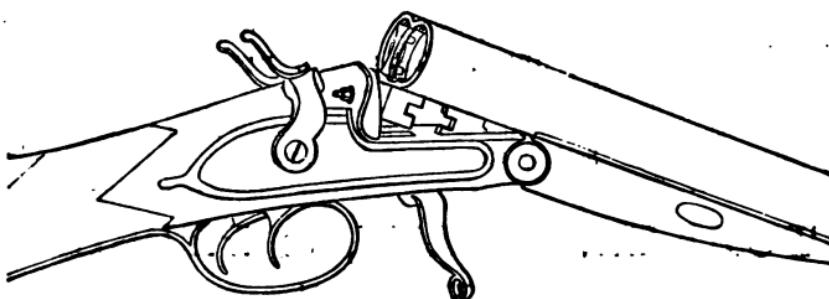
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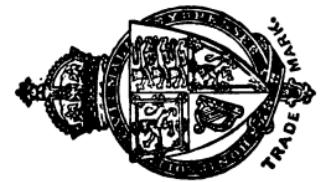
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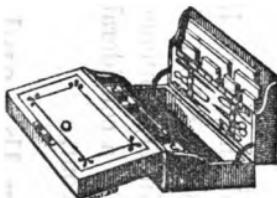
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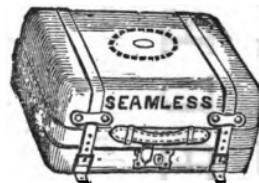
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